THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE DEVIL'S SON-IN-LAW.

Otherwise, Ireton, the Husband of Cromwell's Daughter.

Where he Died and the Ghosts that Inhabit the Rookery.

IRETON'S HOUSE.

Its front is on Nicholas street, which crosses directly above the Cathedral. We stood and gazed at the huge dilapidated pile that had seen such strange, such terrible sights within and around the old walls. The castle must, in Ireton's days, and even for generations after, have been a grand and massive one, for its walls are yet strong and unshaken. The gable front is semi modern, one or two stone pinnacles yet rise from the roof, but the lowest story has been converted into two small shops, which are now but what we know as hucksters' shops of an humble kind.

Beneath the quaint little bow windows of these are the deep arches of the vast cellerage of the house, where were, in olden times, long underground communications with other fortresses. To one side of the house is a narrow lane—Gridiron lane—and here the building is entered by a low stone archway which leads directly to the wide general staircase of the house, and so up to many chambers with thick walls and roof supported by great stone groinings. These rooms are now inhabited by the very poorest of the poor—a miserable tenement house, but every dweller in the place is keenly alive to the importance of living in such a historic mansion.

Into the great kitchen a good woman welcomed us, eager to show the strange build of her domicile, made most comfortable, she assured us, by the enormous thickness of the walls. The kitchen is lighted by a window set nearly six feet in the embrasure. The house has been partitioned off into two, so that in order to see the most interesting part we must go round to one of the little shops.

Armed with a most friendly message from round the corner, we stepped into Mrs. Ireton (as we came to call the good woman among ourselves), an elderly woman, stout of figure and very plain of feature, but with the pleasantest of smiles and cheeriest of manners.

"You'd like to stand in the room Ireton died in? Why, then, sure, you must have that gratification, and yous'll have it to say that you stood on the very spot where he gave up his soul to go meet the bishop he hanged the day before, and that charged Ireton to meet him at the judgment seat before twenty four hours. I'll show it with the greatest of pleasure, but, to tell the honest truth, it's not so tidy as I'd like to see it. I'd like to have the place a little smart before showing visitors up. You's won't be offended if I ask you to come in an hour? But first walk in till I show you my parlor and the wonderful walls of it. There! that window was a hole to fire cannon out of in the days of Cromwell. That's the thickness of the entire walls, down into the cellars that's closed up this two year, since Tom the Cobbler died. He used to live under us here, and—not a word of lie in it—every night (he told me this himself), coming on to 1 o'clock, down the stairs would

COME THE HEAVY FEET,

down, down into his cellars, along through where the marks of an arch show where it's built up, and off and away towards the Shannon the ghost would tramp, to quench his burning thirst. It never molested Tom, and he got used to it. One reason why the cellars was closed up was, there's any amount of treasure lying buried under this castle—any amount. Well, five or six men joined once to go down and dig and hunt. They went, as they counted, as far as under Queen Ann's prison, above in Hasset's Bow, when there came against them a rush of the very breath of hell itself. What they saw they never breathed to mortal man, but all the gold in the universal world would not tempt them ever again to try that passage. Not a bit of me is afraid in the old house, then, for sure there's my little altar where we say our prayers every night before going upstairs, and I'm not in dread of anything this side of the grave or the other so long as I put my trust in God and cheat no one in the little shop abroad. Yerra! sure there isn't a house in the entire neighborhood but has queer stories—true one's, too—belonging to it. Well, in an hour I'll have the room righted for you's, and welcome. God speed you's."

Pending the arrangements which Mrs. Ireton offered to make in order to gratify our curiosity, we took our leave, and, turning to the left, passed the walled up arches of what was the Exchange in the days when the wealth and enterprise of Limerick's merchants brought trade to her ports from many foreign lands. Continuing our way along Nicholas street, and past the tall, old mansions of former days, now so unmistakably the abodes of poverty, we paused now and again to take a peep into a doorway or a hall, then on into Castle street, and by St. Munchin's. Here an old woman, bent in years, but neat in her dress and very well spoken, stopped to ask if we were not strangers, and, if so, would we come with her around the King's Island banks to where the Irish soldiers assembled on that sad day after the treaty of Limerick. The old woman was very chatty, and also very curious to know what strange parts we came from. Fully satisfied on this point, she said she had all her time at her disposal—she had nothing on earth to do but take an airing, and she would be our guide to the King's Island today—or tomorrow—or any day, and she would show us the very path the Bishop's lady used to haunt.

"The Bishop's lady?"

"Yes. Not a native of Limerick but heard of her. She used to haunt this neighborhood, not very long ago, either. From this spot where we are now she used to be seen every night, her silks and satins rustling as she walked from the Bishop's house, that in old times was by the Cathedral, across Thomond Bridge there below, and up Thomond Gate, as far as the barracks on the Clare side, and many a time she half murdered the sentries at the gate, for she was a worse fury dead than when she was alive. She was the wife of a bishop that lived about a hundred years ago; a lady that cared neither for God, nor man, nor devil; only lived for card playing and dissipation, and high flying of every description — so worldly and wicked a woman, and so fond of this life that, when her body died, her soul could find neither

REST NOR PEACE;

walking night after night the same road, from her palace, on by the Castle and over Thomond Bridge, beating and terrifying everyone she met. The mark of her hand could be seen to this hour burned into the parapet stones over the third arch of the old bridge, only it was taken down and a new one put in its place. The people, gentle and simple, were all in terror of the Bishop's lady, and when night came on no one who could help it would stir out of the doors. Everything in life was tried to banish the evil spirit. Her own husband that was when she was alive tried prayers. Yerra! she burnt the house over his head. At last, such were her goings on, the people could stand it no longer, but got a holy priest to exercise the spirit. He commanded her to go to the Red sea, there to count the sands upon its shore, and, until the last grain of sand shall be counted, Limerick can never again be troubled by the Bishop's lady."

"Did you see where the women of Limerick fought and drove back King William's troops, ladies? Oh! now, Mrs. O'Brien, I'm in no ways wanting to interfere with you. I know well you're an older inhabitant than I am, and very knowledgable, but, sure, everyone of us would like to put strangers in the way of seeing what's to be seen."

"If you's are going to listen to her, I'll say good morning, ladies, for she'd never have done," muttered Mrs. O'Brien, evidently jealous lest any story teller should interfere with her, an old, respectable inhabitant: and she was turning away huffed and dignified, but the younger woman hastened good humoredly to wish us good-bye, and God's blessing.

The old woman was easily mollified, and, before leaving us to continue our walk, she stopped on the flight of steps leading down to the Island bank to tell us an amusing story connected with old Thomond Bridge, and which is told by the gossips of Limerick. The bridge connects the county Limerick with Thomond or North Munster, now known as the county Clare, and was formerly the only bridge across the Shannon until O'Brien's Bridge below Killaloe was reached; Thomond Bridge was also the entrance to Limerick for all the Clare peasantry coming to buy or sell in the city.

It so happened, once upon a time, that a dispute arose among the burghers of Limerick as to who should be Mayor. One party urged the claims of their favorite; others fought hard for their own selection; feuds ran high, and neither side was inclined to give in; there was no mayor; no apparent possibility of either side being content with whoever should be chosen from among the burghers. There seemed no chance of any selection being made, until at last it was proposed that some one indifferent alike to all parties should be chosen. The citizens determined to elect by chance, and agreed that upon the following day the principal members of the Corporation should assemble at the foot of Thomond Bridge and take as their mayor the first man who should cross into the town from Clare.

IT WAS MARKET MORNING

when the burghers took their stand on the bridge, and they were not many minutes there before a poor peasant from Cratloe Hill came trudging along with a bundle of heather brooms on his back—an old trade in Ireland is that of cutting heather or broom on the mountains or moors, making it into a bunch, the stems bound into handles, the soft tufts of purple blossom and dark green foliage bunching out into a bunch or "broom."

The old broom maker of Cratloe was known as "Shaun-na-Scoobe," or John of the brooms. Brooms and all he was carried by the aldermen to the City Hall, dressed in robes of office, and installed as Mayor of Limerick. No chronicle has been kept as to how he bore himself in office, but many a time, long ago, has a Munster woman told me the story the old woman now repeated of how, Shaun-na-Scoobe, not returning with the price of the brooms, his wife set out to look for her old man, and found him at last in the City Hall, dressed in a scarlet robe all trimmed with fur, a gold collar around his neck, and the wand of office in his hand.

"Shaun, do you know the woman before you?" she asked in Irish.

"No, woman, I do not know you," he answered; "how could I know you when I do not know myself?"

And the Vanithee (wife or woman of the house) went home, and at the end of the year, it being market day again, Shaun shouldered his bundle of brooms, hawked them round until they were all sold, then carried home the money to his old wife on Cratloe hillside, and his year of office of Mayor of Limerick town was counted by the honest couple as only one of the strange dreams of their life.

A few hundred yards brought us round once again in front of the ancient castle, whose towers look more massive and imposing as one grows familiar with their great height and strength. Prolonging our walk across Thomond Bridge as far as the famous Treaty Stone, we found ourselves opposite St. Munchin's Catholic church. The old church, shaded by its fine trees, brought to mind the story of O'Connell's plan for enabling the Limerick people once again to hear a church bell call them to Divine service, long years after their beautiful silver bells had been silenced.

For centuries after the days of St. Patrick the mass bell had called the people to their devotion, until, in times of persecution, among the many laws passed against the freedom of Catholic worship was one forbidding any bell to be rung for Divine service. From the year 1798 Daniel O'Connell was a favorite in Limerick, which he visited as lawyer on the Munster circuit. The governor of the jail was accustomed to retain his services for prisoners whose friends could not fee a lawyer, or for others who deputed the governor to obtain such services for them.

Those times were what we in Ireland always know "The Penal Times," when no one living could remember ever to have heard the sound of the mass bell, nor could a steeple be raised on a Catholic church. It was in 1809 that Father Hogan, a Franciscan Friar—yet spoken of by the old people as a man beloved by the followers of every creed—and Daniel O'Connell laid their heads together to decide a plan by which a bell could once more be heard from the belfry of a Catholic church. O'Connell advised the clergyman that there was no law which forbade him to erect a steeple, if he pleased, at the end of his own dwelling house, and have a bell there to call the servants together. Father Hogan accordingly built a steeple to the gable of his house, hung a bell in the steeple, and the Catholics awaited, with mingled feelings of joy, fear, and trembling, the first tolling of the mass bell.

There was at this time a noted character in Clare, a gentleman so notorious as a duelist of the first magnitude that he was known far and wide as "Fireball Macnamara." It was dangerous to sneeze in Fireball Macnamara's presence, lest the sneeze should be construed into a challenge. This gentleman heard of Father Hogan's adventure and of the excitement lest the penal laws should be put in full force against the townspeople. "I'll stand by you," said he; "I'll stand by you, Father Hogan. I'll be at the chapel door with my pistols, and let me see the man that dare come within a mile of that congregation!"

He was as good as his word. Between Fireball Macnamara's pistols and O'Connell's wit Father Hogan was able to laugh at even the military, for the latter turned out on the occasion. But Macnamara challenged the officer in command, and Father Hogan civilly informed the authorities that—"As every one knew, he had a very old, deaf domestic, and there was no law to prevent him from ringing as loud as he pleased to call his servant."

From that day until Catholic Emancipation, nearly twenty years after, the bell rang out unchallenged from Father Hogan's belfry.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

FATE OF THE GOTH.

BY GEN. C. G. HALPINE.

Three years ago today
We raised our hands to heaven,
And on the rolls of muster
Our names were thirty-seven.
There were just a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven,
As we took the oath of service,
With our right hands raised to heaven.

Oh! 'twas a glorious day,
In memory still adored,
That day of our sun-bright nuptials
With the musket and the sword.
Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,
As beneath a cloudless heaven
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven.

Of that thousand stalwart bayonets
Two hundred march today,
Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps,
And hundreds in Maryland clay;
And other hundreds, less happy,
Drag their shattered limbs around,
And envy the deep, long, blessed sleep
Of the battlefield's holy ground!

For the swords, one night a week ago,
The remnant, just eleven,
Gathered around the banqueting board
With seats for thirty-seven.
There were two limped in on crutches,
And two had each but a hand
To pour the wine and raise the glass
As we toasted Our Flag and Land.

The room seemed filled with whispers
Around those vacant seats,
As with choking throats we pushed aside
The rich but untasted meats.
Then in silence we brimmed our glasses
And rose up, just eleven,
And bowed as we drank to the loved and dead
Who had made us thirty seven.

Father Hagan's Society Excursion.

The fifth annual excursion of Father James M. Hagan's Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society will be given at Glen Ellyn Grove, Prospect Park, Ill., on Thursday next, June 26. Trains will leave Chicago & Northwestern depot at 9 a. m., stopping at Ashland avenue, Oakley avenue, and West 40th street. Tickets are fifty cents.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

ROMAN ECHOES.

News From the Papal Court—The Coming Cardinals — Mgr. Lebelle, of Canada, Angry.

Other Interesting Catholic Intelligence.

THE PAPAL COURT.

On Monday the Holy Father deigned to admit to special private audience Mgr. Simon Milinovich, O.S.F., Archbishop of Antivare, and Mgr. James Laird Patterson, Titular Archbishop of Emmaus. On Wednesday the supreme pontiff received into his august presence Mgr. Strossmayer, Bishop of Bosnia and Sirmio, to whom he granted a private audience. On Saturday the Holy Father received in special private audience Mgr. Nicholas Pagani, S.J., Bishop of Mangalore. All the members of the pontifical court went into a religious retreat for three days, from Wednesday evening until Saturday morning, for which reason all pontifical audiences were suspended during those days.

THE COMING CARDINALS AND THE NEXT CONSISTORY.

The Holy Father has decided to hold the next consistory on June 20. We have been informed upon the highest and most incontestable authority that the following four prelates are then to be raised to the dignity of the purple: Mgr. Gasper Mermillod, Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva; Mgr. Vincent Vanutelli, Titular Bishop of Sardia and Apostolic Nuncio to the Court of Lisbon; Mgr. Sebastian Galeati, Archbishop of Ravenna; and Mgr. Alban Dunajewski, Bishop of Cracow in Austrian Poland. The raising of Mgr. Mermillod to the dignity of the Sacred College will mark quite a new era for the church in Switzerland. He will be the first Swiss Cardinal that has existed for three hundred years, as he himself remarked the other day.

QUEBEC GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE.

A certain worthy correspondent for the *Italie*, who writes under the misnomer of "Justus" for the column entitled "La Semaine du Vatican," has fabricated the following erroneous libel anent the coming to the Eternal City of Mgr. Anthony Labelle, Protonotary Apostolic and Minister of Agriculture and Commerce of Quebec: "Mgr. Labelle, Protonotary Apostolic and Minister of Agriculture and Commerce of Quebec, in Canada, was on Saturday received by the Pope, at whose feet he has laid the offering with which he was charged for Peter's Pence. It was said (?) that this offering was one of the richest. It appears instead that it was very modest. In Canada it is not easy to made them open their purse strings. We are assured that the Monsignor, sent to Europe by the government of which he forms a part, received for his traveling expenses only the moderate sum of six thousand francs; so that after a brief sojourn in Paris he found himself without a penny to continue his journey to Rome and the other capitals. A French banker was obliged to come to his assistance.

REPLY BY MGR. LABELLE.

This base and flagrant falsehood has elicited the following crushing reply of Mgr. Labelle: "May 20, 1890. To the director of the *Italie*. Sir: In your paper of today, speaking of me, of my government and my country, 'Justice' has written, trusting to some correspondent or other, errors which I believe it my duty to rectify in your columns. I have not come to Rome to bring Peter's Pence on behalf of anybody whatever, but I have presented myself here at the feet of his Holiness to thank him cordially for his favors and kindness to me, and to renew the testimony of my esteem, affection and admiration for him, as a devout, respectful and submissive son. Whatever you may say, when the Holy Father is concerned, Canada knows how to open its purse with generosity and also to furnish him with good soldiers for his defense. The government of Quebec is generous enough to treat honorably those who are entrusted with a mission on her behalf, to worthily serve her interests in Europe. In my letter of credit she has not put any limit to her generosity. She has placed a trust in me of which I shall know how to make good use. I have not, therefore, been obliged to beg for favors from bankers on the continent; on the contrary, I have favored them with my deposits. Your observations will have at least, I hope, this good result for me: to free me of all those who continually flock to knock at my door to solicit alms and help in their misery, because, they say, your government has despoiled them of all their substance. From this point of view you have done me a service and I thank you for it. Be pleased, sir, to accept the expression of my consideration.—A Labelle, P. A." This may well be called turning the tables with a vengeance and carrying the battle into the enemy's camp to fight them with their own weapons. Let us hope, however, that it will at least teach the Liberal press of Italy to remember the warning that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

THE BORGIAN MUSEUM OF THE PROPAGANDA.

The rich collection of multifarious objects already located in the Borgian Museum of the Propaganda, hailing from every known part of the globe, whither the good missionaries sent forth by the institution of the Propaganda to carry the light of the gospel and civilization to mankind, has received a valuable addition in some new objects sent by the Vice-Prefect Apostolic of Tripolis. They consist of two fluted vases, of which the one is adorned with figures and the other with various decorations; some glass phials covered with flowered silver; two small figures, and a couple of lanterns in terra cotta; different specimens of various kinds of sponges, one of which is a spheroid shape, and all are attached to a piece of rock in the natural state.

THE HOLY FATHER AND THE NEW GENERAL OF THE "SOMASCHI."

In a recent audience conceded to the new superior general of the congregation called the Somaschi, the Very Rev. Charles Moizo, the supreme pontiff was pleased to commemorate the sublime virtues of the founder, St. Jerome Emiliano, and the various works accomplished by him for the assistance of the sick and the orphan. His Holiness, praising the congregation most vividly for the spirit of charity which pervades it, encouraged the new superior general, together with the procurator general and the chapter who accompanied him, to continue to dedicate themselves to a work so useful to the church and society.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF SALZBURG.

The chapter of the archdiocese of Salzburg have sent in the name of their dean, Mgr. John Haller, titular bishop of Abraha, to the Holy See, as successor to the late Mgr. Francis di Paul Albert Eder, O. S B., who had been archbishop of the diocese since the year 1876. Mgr. Haller was born at St. Martin in Trent, on April 30, 1825 and was preconnised to the titular see of Adraha, in Austria, on August 14, 1874, and appointed auxiliary of the archdiocese of Salzburg.

BRIGANDS AT BRACCIANO.

A party of armed brigands have been for some time past scouring the country around Bracciano, headed by the notorious Anzuini and Menichetti. Although hunted and closely pursued by the carabineers, as yet they have eluded all attempts to effect their capture, and are now making their way into Tuscany. It appears that the band is numerous, and they are all armed to the teeth.

THE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.

As an instance of the absurdities published here by the Liberal press and the intelligence of their correspondents, we give the following, which might almost be worthy of a place in the Wit and Humor column: The *Gazzetta di Venetia*, No. 140, in a dispatch from Rome, publishes: "The Consistory of the Cardinals will be sold on the 20th of April next year. It is said that Monsignori Mermillod(?), Bishop of Lapanna(?), and Vanutelli, Nuncio at Lisbon, will easily be named Cardinals." We should have to wait some time for the next Consistory in that case, to say nothing of the imaginary individual said to be Bishop of the imaginary See of Lapanna. This is, indeed, fiction founded on fact; it would do well for a historical romance, but not as news.

THE HOLY FATHER AND THE PASSIONISTS.

On Ascension Day the Holy Father granted an audience to the Capitular Fathers of the Order of the Passion, assembled in Rome for their general chapter. Among them were the Very Rev. Vincent Grogan, Provincial of the Anglo-Hibernian Province; The Very Rev. Dominic O'Neill, and the Very Rev. Michael Watts-Russell, Consultors. The Holy Father delivered an allocution for about three quarters of an hour, referring in it to St. Paul of the Cross, the venerable Vincent Strambi, and Father Dominic of the Mother of God, founder of the Anglo-Hibernian and Belgian Provinces. His Holiness said that while he was Nuncio in Brussels he was acquainted with Father Dominic, and related some interesting incidents that occurred in the work of founding the Belgian Province. The Holy Father afterwards received most paternally each of the Fathers, and gave him his special blessing; the audience lasted an hour, and at its conclusion he invoked the apostolic benediction on their labors, their communities, and particularly the new foundations in England and Australia. Afterwards the Capitular Fathers repaired in a body to the tomb of the Holy Apostles in St. Peter's to offer their devotions. The scene was a touching one, as above where they knelt, and near to the shrine of the Apostles, stands the great statue of their founder, St. Paul of the Cross, erected after his canonization.

Jolly Time Among Foresters.

To-morrow (Sunday, 22d,) Court Fidelity No. 37, I. O. F., will give its sixth grand picnic at Columbia Park, on the Santa Fe line. This is one of the most beautiful parks adjacent to Chicago. "Fidelity," the banner court, always has very large contingents from sister courts, and on this occasion has made ample preparations for their reception and treatment. Various games will take place, and several valuable prizes will be contested for. Feddern's orchestra will furnish music. Trains will leave the depot, Polk and Dearborn streets, at 8:30 and 11 a.m., sharp, stopping at Twenty-second street, Archer avenue, Twenty-sixth street, Thirty first street, Thirty-ninth street, Forty-ninth street and Ashland avenue. A gala day in the woods is anticipated.

Hibernian Rifles ("Hartigan's Regulars") Picnic.

The full regiment of the Chicago Hibernian Rifles, commanded by that brilliant young West Pointer, Col. Thomas L. Hartigan, will give their 15th annual picnic at Ogden Grove on Friday, July Fourth. The entertainment will be held both day and evening. The grounds will be brilliantly illuminated at night, and there will be dancing, athletic games, exhibition drills and other spirited amusements. A full military band will be in attendance. For further particulars, see advertisement.

This Interests Teachers.

The coming annual meeting of the National Educational Association, to be held at St. Paul, July 8 to 18, 1890, promises to be one of the most interesting events in the history of education in this country. Thousands of teachers and their friends will be present, and the most noted educators of the land will seek to promote the cause of education in the most fitting manner. The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, which stands without a superior, will name exceedingly low rates upon this occasion, which everybody can take advantage of. This route is exceedingly popular with the traveling public, and guarantees the best accommodations. No finer cars are built than those running on this line. Its smooth track, fast time, safety, comfort and convenience commend it to teachers and all others. Any information concerning rates, time of trains, etc., cheerfully furnished by agents of the company, or by W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

FROM NEW YORK.

The Tearing Up Nuisance Again—Fighting Hydrophobia—An Immense Raft.

NEW YORK, June 16.—Public attention has again been rudely called to the dangerous tearing up of the streets by the explosion and miniature volcano which raged for nearly a day at the corner of Broadway and Fulton streets last week. No one seems to know who is to blame for this last outbreak, as each of the various companies which virtually own the streets has a different story. The gas companies blame the steam company, the steam companies blame the electric companies and the electric companies try to shift the responsibility to some one else. Between them all the general public have to suffer almost intolerable annoyance, and run the risk of being blown to atoms besides. A person living outside of New York has no idea of the nuisance caused by this everlasting tearing up of the streets. Injunctions come and injunctions go, but the tearing-up goes on forever. The only wonder is that there is not an explosion every day in the week. There is hardly a foot of our main streets but that is occupied by some kind of a pipe or wire. We have steam pipes, gas pipes, water pipes, pneumatic tubes and electric subways. And all the time something is getting out of order. It is positively disgraceful that New York has not a proper underground system commensurate with its needs.

THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE.

One of the chief centers of interest during these days is the Pasteur Institute, in West Tenth street. The Institute is a sort of hospital for the treatment of hydrophobia, and is managed by Dr. Gibier, a former associate of the famous Pasteur, of Paris. More than forty cases have been treated there since its establishment a few months ago, and scarcely a day passes without the reception of some new patient to be innoculated with the life saving virus. They come from far and near, and depart with no fear of becoming victims of the dread disease. It is suggested that the city build a hospital and school for the Pasteur method worthy of the name. If Dr. Gibier proves the method to be successful something of the kind should certainly be done. Several patients were received the past week, among whom was a lady who was bitten by a mad cat. All are doing well.

THE BIGGEST THING AFLOAT.

Another big raft of timber is being built in St. Johns, New Brunswick, and will be towed to this city. This raft will be larger than the "Joggins" raft, which was brought to this city a couple of years ago, and will contain 400,000 more feet of timber. It will be made of seventeen cigar-shaped sections, each 100 feet long, 35 feet wide and 25 feet deep, bound together with chains. If the logs were put end to end, one foot wide and one foot thick, they would reach 300 miles. The raft is owned by James D. Leary, the owner of the "Joggins" raft, and will be towed to this city by two tugs.

NEWS NOTES.

Four more dog bitten patients were recesved at the New York Pasteur Institute.

Connecticut apple trees have been stripped by a worm that resists poison and fire.

A steamer has been seized at Victoria, B. C., for smuggling Chinese into Washington and taking back American goods.

Twelve mules were found alive in a burning mine at Shamokin, Pa., after being without food and water for twenty-six days.

Two Mexicans fought a duel in San Antonio, Tex., with lassoes, one of them being dragged till his neck was broken.

The South Dakota Democrats have nominated Morris Taylor for governor, Peter Couchman for lieutenant governor, and Judge C. M. Thomas and W. I. Quigley for Congress.

Collector Phelps, of San Francisco, states that there are now fully one hundred and eighty Chinese encamped near Nogales, waiting for an opportunity to cross the Mexican border into the United States.

Owing to the prevalence of leprosy in the Chinese quarter of Philadelphia, the Green Hill Presbyterian Church of that city will, on July 1, abandon Sunday school work among the Chinese.

The Hendricks Monument Association, of Indianapolis, has received a telegram announcing that the missing parts of the Hendricks monument have arrived at New York, and will be shipped at once. This will enable the workmen to complete the monument by July 1, and the dedication will not have to be postponed.

Hartford and New Haven have each a telephone which works only when the proper charge is dropped into a slot.

The Merritt Wrecking Company is trying to recover several millions supposed to be lying at the bottom of Delaware Bay in the wreck of a British sloop of war since 1798.

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXVI—(Continued.)

IN PRISON AGAIN.

Rupert indeed knew—knew quite as well as that the sun had risen that morning without his having witnessed it—that Kevin was innocent. Believed, moreover, that the Scotch steward was at the bottom of all the mischief that was occurring—had heard indeed from his own lips, in conversation with Sir Hardinge, that it was he that had foully sworn away Kevin's liberty on the occasion of his first conviction.

But he well knew that his uncorroborated word would avail but little—would avail nothing at all, in fact, against the first conviction, which was finally settled by the judge's fiat. Even if he were to tell what he had heard, how would it look in a public court—his revealing the substance of conversation accidentally heard' and in a place where he was enjoying all the hospitalities that could be offered? Notwithstanding his desire to befriend the prisoner, his soul shrank from the idea of, for any reason, acting so dishonorable a part. It could not be done.

What *was* to be done? For the day of trial was rapidly approaching, and from all he could glean in the society in which he was thrown, the prisoner's guilt was a foregone conclusion. The crime was of too enormous a character—too alarming in its very magnitude—not to make a summary example necessary.

The country was disturbed—very much disturbed; the numerous families evicted not only from Sir Hardinge's property, but from those of many others in the county, had resolutely refused to enter the workhouse, so kindly prepared for them; had preferred to wander about the country, living heaven knows how—but any way they could; and helplessly resolved to die—when death came—in the ditch near their homes rather than in the pauper's bastile.

Poor and helpless and starving they were, in the midst of lands teeming with fertility—but, for all their wretched condition, a secret terror to the great magnates of the county! The burning of Grangemore Castle had brought home to these latter, palpably and forcibly, a sense of danger that often kept them sleepless at night; and in their blind terror the prisoner had about as much chance of escape as a man flung into a den of ravening lions.

All this Rupert knew, but the knowledge only added to his torment and anxiety. Whom could he consult? No one. In the circle in which he moved it was useless to expect a sympathizer with his sufferings. Even Col. Montfort, usually so generous and kind hearted, was not to be approached under the circumstances.

Rupert was in despair. When he thought of the sorrow which must have fallen on that quiet home at the Orchard—when he thought of the hopeless anguish into which the two young girls were so suddenly thrown—a pang of fire shot through his heart, as if searing iron had been applied thereto.

But not all his sufferings or his terrors could prevent the passage of time—could prevent the approach of the day when the prisoner should be set on his trial.

And so the time passed—the days and the hours—each wringing his heart with despair as his utter powerlessness became evident to him, until the day of trial arrived.

A gloomy day it was that ushered in the opening of the assizes. As if in unison with the clouded apprehensions that gathered over the minds of the tenantry—who looked up to this as a test case of what was likely to befall themselves at some not distant day—the morning broke with a storm of wind and rain. From the west a gale came laden with a mist thick and grey, that swept over the Shannon and across the bogs, and through the streets with depressing effect. For weeks the weather had been of the finest, and it did seem as if an evil bodement for the prisoner that on this eventful day it should break with such outcome of wind and storm.

From early morning the people came gathering into the town. From near and far, for the story of the burning had spread widely, and with it the story of the returned convict. As with all people long resident in the country, Kevin's relations were numerous for miles around Carrigbrae; and more or less of romance attached to his escape. Naturally intense interest attached to his trial, for—naturally also—none believed him guilty. Whosoever had done the burning, not one thought the hand was his—but even so none entertained a doubt that he would be convicted: but with one belief or other on their minds, the country people came thronging in until the streets were densely crowded.

Eleven o'clock came, and amid a whirl of cavalry with swords drawn the carriage of the judge swept forward to the courthouse. The doors were thrown open, and in a moment every available spot was occupied.

The judge took his seat, the various counsel arranged themselves before him, and the prisoner was ushered into the dock.

Very cool, calm, and collected, Kevin appeared before the assembled sea of faces that turned towards him. He had passed through too much trouble within the past six months to feel excited or terrified now. Whatever despondency or weariness there had been on his face previously, changed into a bright smile as his eye fell on some well known face in the crowd. There was no sign of bravado; but, on the other hand, there was no indication of depression or despair. If heart sinking there were—and well there might be—he kept all evidence from his features, and met the eyes that were bent upon him with a brave frank placidity that won upon the hearts of most of those present.

The prosecuting counsel opened the case after the usual fashion. He commenced with a long eulogy on the energy and improving spirit displayed by the landowners of Westmeath—dwelt on the necessity of law and order being upheld in the land—grew eloquent on the dreadful outrage committed in the burning of Grangemore Castle, a mansion that was an adornment to Westmeath and to Ireland, counsel said—and finally, narrowing down to the issue before him, proceeded to point out the person—the prisoner in the dock—to whom all the circumstances of the case pointed as the guilty man. Murder would out, counsel said, and so also would the crime of arson. For the latter included the former in many cases, though providentially not in this.

Providence had so ordered it that the perpetrator of this hideous crime had been discovered in the very act of its accomplishment. There was a witness to the foul deed, else possibly murder would have been included in the charge, not the murder of one but of several; for if the inmates had not been awakened by the same man who witnessed the deed, the whole household would have been consumed in the flames.

Long and eloquently counsel dwelt on the black heartedness of the villain who could thus doom to such dreadful death a whole household, young and old, male and female. It was manifest, indeed, judging by the faces of the gentlemen sitting with the judge on the bench and in the jury box that his denunciations found a strong echo in their hearts.

And when, winding up his eloquent peroration, he called his witness on the table, a hushed breathing through the court proclaimed more earnestly than words the conviction of all present that the prisoner was doomed.

With cool unconcern the steward stepped on to the green cloth. With readiness enough of utterance he detailed how he had seen the prisoner at the bar enter the barn after having emerged stealthily from one of the basement windows of the house. How he had hurriedly dressed himself, but before he had time to make his way to the place dense volumes of flame and smoke were issuing from the tower windows of the mansion, as well as from the ricks of hay in the haggard and the masses of hay and straw piled up in the out offices. How, in the excitement and confusion of the moment, he had lost sight of him, and it was only when he was endeavoring to awake the sleeping inmates he perceived by the light of the blazing haggard the prisoner running swiftly away.

The prisoner turned pale—deadly pale—notwithstanding his assumed composure, as he heard this tale narrated.

Convincing proof, if proof were needed of his guiltiness! So thought the assembled gentry—and the judge. Pale with affright and horror at the perjury a glibly displayed by the steward, thought his friends as they scanned his countenance.

There was no shaking the evidence of the Scotchman. Perfectly composed, he stood to his accusations, and with a firmness and clearness that manifestly prevailed with the jury and with the judge, retailed over again in answer to the questions of the opposing counsel the circumstances of the burning, and of his having seen the prisoner at the times and places mentioned.

As he descended from the table, a low murmur ran through the crowded court. It might have been caused by the feeling palpable enough among them, that his evidence had sealed the doom of the youth standing in the dock. Or it might have been caused by a sense of the belief that he had sworn away an innocent man's life. For, notwithstanding that his words carried conviction to the minds of jury men, gentry, and judge, the crowding country people, with an innate sense of what was true, still stubbornly refused to believe the prisoner guilty.

In the midst of which, however, Maury was called, and ascended the table,

With trembling lips and pallid face—very different now in its color from the morning when Rupert Clarendon was attracted by its laughing winsomeness as she stood at the brook by the bridge—Maury told her story. How Kevin had been but a few days returned; how he had not stirred out that night or indeed any other night since he came back, and had only been awakened by the hurrying feet of those rushing to the great conflagration, towards which he had himself gone shortly after. Ending her evidence, indeed, before prosecuting counsel had time cross examine her, by swooning away in the witness chair, from which she was quickly carried out into the open air.

A hush of bated breaths—an electric thrill, such as comes over groups of men in moments of excitement—a sudden restless stir of all—and a sudden settling into complete repose—swept over the court house as Norah ascended the table and withdrew, with gentle hand, her veil from her face.

A look of intense astonishment and surprise, a drawing together of the forms on the bench, and a rubbing of spectacles, the better to take a look at the features that displayed themselves before them, betokened the interest which her presence excited among the gentlemen assembled there. Her appearance came with surprise upon them, and for a moment they could hardly realize what brought such a face and such a figure and such entrancing grace before them. It was the highest testimony—unintended and perfectly spontaneous—that could be offered of her singular attractiveness, coming, as it did, from a nest of her brother's and her countrymen's malignant foes.

But her presence there raised the hearts of the other spectators, for hours bent down with gloomiest anticipations. She seemed to them, in her peerless beauty, as a queen of their race, whom none of their rulers and enemies and tyrants could match or equal. It was as to say: "There she is—one of our own race and blood—born and reared like ourselves. See what one of you with your blue blood and all the rest can match her! Oh! masters, show us one like her. Out of your castles and your mansions and your drawing rooms let us see her equal!"

An undiademed queen of beauty and peerless grace! Her very presence lifted hearts that were crushed and hopeless into chivalric bravery and devotion, and infused a new life and spirit into the throbbing breasts of her admiring countrymen.

Noah's story, like Maury's, was easily told and of a similar nature. Kevin had not been out that night, nor during the short time that had elapsed since his return. Could not have been without her knowledge, considering that he slept in an inner room. And, in short, Maury's evidence over again, but rendered in tones that, soft and low, came with silvery sound on the listening ears of the crowded court. Her words, gentle but distinct, came like strange music on the silent space around—silent, save the bated breaths of those that hung upon her every word.

She was not cross examined. The opposing counsel knowing well how vain for good her words were—and, perhaps, with unwithholdable compliment to her appearance—declined to do so. And, as she rose to leave the witness box—perhaps in unwithholdable compliment also—the judge and the gentlemen on the bench rose from their seats.

The crowding spectators swayed and moved restlessly as their breaths came and went in hurried respiration, and, for a moment, the air of the court seemed electrical as a ringing, enthusiastic and defiant cheer seemed on the verge of utterance. But it came not. Nevertheless, so strained were men's feelings at the moment, that had the roof trembled to the ringing echoes, the cheer could not more palpably have been in men's ears.

It was late when counsel's speeches were over for defense and in rebutting, longer still until the judge's charge came to be delivered.

When it was concluded, none needed to say how the verdict would be given. Property should be rendered secure though an hundred men died. Even if they were innocent—and were hung unjustly—it would be doing good. It would be rendering life and property safe—a sort of *manes* offer to the legal comity of the law. It would be something in the nature of the contingency that prompts a general to sacrifice a regiment of dragoons and a battery of artillery in order that his main body may retreat under cover and with safety; or, a squadron of cavalry in a reconnoissance. So the judge and jurymen and magnates assembled looked upon it.

But so did not look upon it the men of Westmeath crowding the court. As the judge assumed the black cap, the feeling of suspense and dread foreboding that had previously held possession of them, vanished. The worst was known, and with that singularity which belong to human nature, no sooner was it so than men's spirits rose and all previous downhearted-ness was swept away. A scene of defiance reined instead!

The sentence pronounced—it was in the times when arson with many lesser crimes was awarded the death penalty—the crowd passed out of the court house, the judge and gentry left the bench and passed into the disrobing room; and amid the moans of women and imprecations of the men, the carriage in which the prisoner was seated swept on from the court house to the jail, horsemen with naked swords uplifted before, horsemen beside, horsemen behind, horsemen everywhere!

Wo! for the prisoner fettered in between these naked sabres!—encompassed by this ring of steel!

"Ah, the poor boy!—to die on the gallows so young—Oh God!—and so innocent!" burst in cries from the hooded women as the cold steel flash their glints athrough the dusky evening. "Aroon!—aroon!—Was it for this his mother bore him? Was it for this God gave him the fair face and the manly form? Mavron! Will God never look down on this unhappy land!—Oh Mother of Heaven! who bore the Cross of crosses once, look in pity on the motherless boy and save him!"

Was it that wailing cry—half caoine, half prayer—that received speedy answer? Had it time to pierce high heaven and bring down response?

For, of a verity, something strange *was* taking place in that prancing array yonder in the distance, in the streets midway between the courthouse and the jail! Cries of men in strange discord and yet accord, burst hoarsely forth—cries also and curses of soldiers—clank of steel, of stirrup, of musket and sabre on the stone pavement as of men and horses falling—swaying and hurrying of multitudes—shouted commands of officers—a breaking of glass—and a furious rush past of men and young and old in all directions in panting but objectless speed!

What was it—what was it all?

"Prisoner's rescued!" hurrying youth shouts, flying with wild haste in answer to query thus addressed. "Prisoner rescued and—by the blessin' of God—he'll never be taken!"

Verily such vision of pandemonium never showed itself in street of Irish town on harvest evening before—with the dusk falling and the stars peeping wonderingly out through the thin white clouds that were scudding across the sky!

Dragoons—Robert Clarendon at the head—boot and saddle, and burst out from barrack gates thrown wide open; women faint or grow hysterical, while men cheer frantically, as if to ease their breasts of the strong excitement that rends them. Oh! for arms now! Oh, for arms! In such bursts of excitement—when peril and death are forgotten—when the will shows its power over the weakness of flesh and muscle—the deathless deeds of history have been wrought!

But what of Norah?—when the crowding tumult and uproar burst forth and the hoarse volume of sound concentrates itself in the one cry:

"Prisoner's escaped!"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

FROM NEW YORK.

Taking the Census—Annual Parade of the Sunday School Children—A Stupendous Piece of Work.

NEW YORK, June 9.—In common with the rest of the United States, New York city is at present undergoing the process of enumeration. Nine hundred men are engaged in the work here, and they are piling up the names at the rate of 200,000 per day. This is considerably quicker than they were at the start, because they have become more expert. It is now about the very worst time of the year that could be picked out for the work, as the weather is so hot, and large numbers of our population have left town. The latter fact will not cause the duplication of names, as every one must give his residence where it was on June 1, and he is counted as living there. An expert who predicted the result of the census in 1880 within 18,000 of the actual figures estimates that the population of the country by this census will reach 67,000,000, an increase during the past decade of more than 30 per cent. Should this increase continue, our population 100 years from now will be nearly 1000 millions—as large as all the rest of the world together, and perhaps much larger than we would know what to do with.

One of the pleasantest sights of the year is the annual parade of the Brooklyn Sunday school children, which took place last week. The parade this year was made up of eleven divisions, and comprised 65,000 children, an army three times as strong in numbers as the regular army of the United States. The public building and principal stores displayed the national colors, and thousands of dwellings along the line of the parade were decorated with red, white and blue. It was a genuine gala day for Brooklyn, and all the public schools together with many of the private schools were closed, in order that the children might take part in or view the turnout. The procession was reviewed by the mayor and city officers, and at its conclusion the children were served with refreshments.

The extremely hot weather of the past week has caused a well merited alarm lest there be a water famine. The water in the Central Park reservoir has been steadily decreasing until there is great danger that there will not be enough to supply the city's wants. However, there is one great hope in sight if we can only hold out a little longer, and that is the completion of the new aqueduct. This stupendous undertaking, on which work has been in progress since 1885, will be in working order by the middle of July. We will then have sufficient water to supply the city, even if it grows to be five times as big. Not only that, but the water will come to us with such force as to be carried to the top of an eight story building, whereas at present the water hardly reaches the second story unless pumped. The new aqueduct is a tunnel, thirty miles long, wide enough for a train of cars, cut through solid rock, and lined with brick. It has cost $15,000,000 and nearly one hundred lives.

EDWIN ARLINGTON.

GAELIC POETRY.

Comhradh E-ectoir agus Andromaiche,

Aisdrighthe ó n' Greigis go Gaoidhilge le Seághan Ard-Easpog Thuama.

TO THE EDITOR:—The following dialogue between Andromache and Hector, Prince of Troy is taken from "Homer's Iliad," and should settle for ever the question so often asked by those ignorant of the beauties of the Irish: "Is the language of Ireland a written and grammatical language?" The translation is from the original Greek, by the late Archbishop McHale, and rivals in grandeur and felicity of expression the great original of the king of poets. M. CREAN.

Andromache—

"A dhuine dháu faraoir ta air ti,
Do bhaseaidh feis gan imeidh faoi do mhnaoi
'Gus faoi do lanbh, eidh gur daobh is baoghal
A bheith gan coimirc, tréigthe air an saoghal.
Is ort-sa amhain, tá an namhaid uile, 'brath,
Is tu-sa amhain, is mian leo shiuadh 'g-cath,
Ma's leat thuitim 's truagh, mar sin, gan mé,
Roimh thusa imtheacht, siute sios faoi 'n g-cré.
Má bhidhim da dhiaigh mo bhaintreughach béidh mo bhidh,
Mar bhí ó thús, faoi dhubhróa 'gus faoi chaol.
Gan athair, mathair, brathair le mo ló,
Maolughadh mo leathroim, no, a roint liom sogh.
Thuit m'athair mhuirneach faoi laimh Achuil ghairg,
Trá sgrios a chathair Teabh, an cogadh dearg.
Acht gidh gur thuit sé anns an ár neamh-bheo,
Nior thasbain Achuil easbhaidh urraim dho.
Air charn aise, leagtha air a bhár
D'fhág abhlach a's arm m'athar ann a lár,
'Gus d'fhas 'n a tiomcioll, leanmhuin air gach taobh,
Chuir oige Oriad, íughin 'áiuin, Jobh,
Morsheilear bráthra, taca 'r thigh 'gus biáth
Toigeadh uainn go h-uile ann aon lá;
Do shin iad Achuil milteach le n-a lann
Air mhagh a rabhadar' cumhdach treuda ann.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Translation by Alexander Pope.

Andramache—

"Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,—
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies;
And thou must fall thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh! grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to share,—
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrap'd our our walls in fire,
Laid Thebe waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;—
Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead;
His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then raised a mountain where his bones were buried:
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorned;
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honor grow.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

ODDS AND ENDS.

Eleanor Kirk Deals with the Matter of Rizzles, Suppositories and Dress Goods.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 14.—"Philologist" asks for the derivation of the word "Rizzle," and is so incensed because he cannot find it in any dictionary that he calls eloquently and scathingly upon all who care for the purity of the language to refuse, not only to use the "bastard verb," but also to decline to rizzle. This correspondent has applied to the wrong person for help or even sympathy in his trouble. Rizzle isn't particularly euphonious I admit, but I shall not refuse to rizzle because rizzle isn't in the dictionary. The only thing that will prevent me from rizzling is the time it takes to rizzle, and the difficulties which attend rizzling. In order to rizzle one must have no pressure upon the diaphragm, and have a few moments absolute leisure after every meal. To rizzle means to sweep the brain clear not only of every carking care but of every pleasant thought. The attitude must be recumbent, the eyes closed, the room quiet. The proof of successful rizzling is the cure of dyspepsia, the ability to digest and assimilate the three meals which human beings find it necessary to eat every day of their lives. This is what it means to rizzle, and the process which the word stands for, is so sensible and so healthful that I feel like confessing my obligations to the manufacturer of the word. "Are you going to rizzle?" "Do you rizzle?" will sound rather odd for a little while, and then the word will take its place in the language with the rest of the very expressive parts of speech which have been just as severely criticized but at last accepted. I heartily recommend rizzling to my readers. To learn to be utterly passive for fifteen minutes or a half hour after every meal, will be a great help to all and especially to those suffering from dyspepsia.

I am thankful to see in that most popular and most useful magazine, *Babyhood*, a good word for the unmedicated Glycerine suppositories. One of our most reliable physicians has endorsed in those columns the very sensible communication of "A Brooklyn Mother," and tells the readers exactly what to get. "Do not on any account," he says, "purchase medicated suppositories, for they do almost as much harm as strong cathartic doses." He further states that to Parke, Davis & Co., the great manufacturing chemists of this country, is due the credit of this simple and wonderful remedy. He also sustains the former writer in her declaration that constipation is the greatest enemy to health that infants have to contend with. I have known many cases of convulsions and cerebro spinal meningetis to proceed directly from this cause. The signs of the times are hopeful indeed, when mothers and doctors and our best literature on this subject of health, combine to look after the health of the babies.

The beautiful and economical dress goods called "2108" which so many of my readers and friends are buying for the summer, are made by the Johnson Manufacturing Company of North Adams, Mass., the pioneer gingham manufacturers of this country. The best talent of the world is employed in the designs of this lovely fabric, and the result is an excellence and an elegance rarely attained in wash goods. "2108" needs very little trimming. In reply to "Puzzled Mother," who asks if childrens' skirts should be trimmed with braid or bias bands. I would answer most emphatically in the negative. "2108" is sufficient for itself, and such trimming destroys the harmony of the designs. A full waist front of a plain color gathered into the neck with a rolling collar of the plain good, and full sleeves tastefully finished with the same material as the front of the waist, makes a very stylish costume. In buying plain goods to make up with "2108" one should be very careful to select stuff that will launder well.

I am glad that so many of my readers are pleased with Ellis Worth's new novel, "A Little Worldling." This volume inspires healthy thought and gives the reader courage to formulate and express his own convictions when such expressions seem desirable. To write a book that shall be intensely interesting to both old and young, and at the same time give, without the slightest apparent intention, a lesson in analysis, and an insight into character and motives, is the work of a very high order of talent. "A Little Worldling" is not in the least like "John Ward" or "An African Farm," though the originality which distinguishes the work of Ellis Worth is as distinctively unique as that of Miss Schreiner. "A Little Worldling" will be found most interesting for the summer vacation.

The New York *Ledger* for May 21 contains the opening installment of Anna Catherine Green's new story "A Matter of Millions." It is a detective romance dealing with New York life of today, and opens in Miss Green's most tempting and fascinating style. Marian Harland is well represented in this number. Mrs. Barr's story, "The Household of McKiel," comes to a satisfactory end. The various sketches by Amy Randolph, Charles P. Ripley, and others, are all excellent, and the illustrations are numerous and artistic. The *Ledger* certainly meets the wants of a large constituency, and is adited with a view to universal enjoyment. It never panders to the taste of the low, and is truly moral and educatory without seeming to be either. ELEANOR KIRK.

It is conjectured that a specific may yet be found for every ill that flesh is heir to. However this may be, certainly the best specific yet found for diseases of the blood is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and most diseases originate from impure blood.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 9:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2904 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. I. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 6:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 652 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Aroner ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2926 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2548 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 235 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Kilian Bohleesser, O.S.F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clarkst.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. B. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 884 Ashland av.

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 3434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 498 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 224 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2904 Sonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rath, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 831 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m. high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 5, 7:30 and 8:30 a.m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.R., pastor. Residence 299 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1405 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—964 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. E. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 238 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Radziejowski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st

THIRTY-FOUR KILLED.

Awful Result of an Explosion in a Mine.

ANOTHER HORROR IN PENNSYLVANIA

The Disaster Caused by the Ignition of Fire Damp by a Naked Lamp Carried by a Young Man Who Intended to Warn the Miners of the Danger of Water Which Was Pouring into the Mine—Two Bodies Found.

DUNBAR, Pa., June 17.—Monday morning at 11:10 a sullen, shivering roar shook the lowly miners' dwellings on Hill farm in Fayette county, near this place, and hundreds of affrighted persons who knew the sound too well feared another mine disaster, and they reasoned far too well. In a moment the fearful news had spread that an explosion had occurred in the Hill Farm mines, owned by Philadelphia parties. The low-browed hill from which the slope entered shook from mouth to pit, and the score of miners' houses lining the hill shook for a moment and then poured out their frenzied inmates by the hundreds. A rush was made to the mouth of the pit, but ingress was impossible, as smoke in dense volumes was issuing forth. Fifty-two miners had gone to work in the morning and were in the slope when the explosion occurred. Of these fifty-two eighteen were in the left heading and thirty-four in the right heading. Those in the left heading got out all right. The retreat of the others was cut off and not one escaped.

A Great Deluge of Water.

At 7 o'clock in the morning the gang turned in at the mines, the smaller gang drifting off to the left, while the larger, some thirty four in number, drifted to the right, and descended some 800 feet from the surface and at least a mile from the opening. These two drifts are connected, but the connection is from the main stem, some half mile from the entrance. The mine, it seems, had been somewhat troubled with water, and an air shaft had been drilled from the surface to the juncture of the right and left shafts, where the water seemed to be most abundant. As the miners branched off from this point they knew that an air-hole had been drilled there that had not yet been broken into the mine, but they did not know that the shaft was to be broken into Monday; this shaft, by the way, being a six-inch hole. A miner named Kerwin had been left in the right drill near where that branch joined the mine's exit, and in the course of his labors broke into the perpendicular shaft. The moment this was broken into a flood of water gushed out and Kerwin and a man named Landy standing by yelled out for some one to save the men in the right drift, as the water poured down the hill in a stream and he feared they would drown.

Ignition of the Deadly Damp.

Young David Hays, who had seen the affair, leaped forward at the call and turned down the left drift in a deluge of water to warn his endangered comrades below. Just as he passed the air-shaft that had been broken into the rush of water had changed to the ugly roar of a flood, which blanched the cheeks of the men who stood behind and toward the light. The flow of water had changed to a deadly volume of fire damp, and as young Hays swung by the shaft a flash of blazing light slid through the shaft from end to end, it seemed. The daring young man carried an open burning miner's lamp in his hat and he had hardly taken a step beyond the roaring shaft when the lamp ignited a reservoir of the deadly fire-damp that had already accumulated and he sank a corpse ten feet toward the men whom he had hoped to save and the men whom he had certainly doomed. In an instant an unquenchable fire sprang up in the nine foot vein just between the main entrance and on the right drift, forever shutting the men imprisoned there.

Searching Parties at Work.

Poor old David Hays, father of the mistaken hero, driven mad by the fate of his son, dashed into the sulphurous smoke and strangling fire-damp, only to fall blindly by the side of his son, and to be drawn out an hour later with James Shearn, both recognized only by their wives. The fire fanned by air from the main drift and from the fatal shaft itself soon sprung into an awful conflagration. Pat Kelly, who was driving a mine car near the place at the time, says the explosion seemed nothing, but the blinding, strangling smoke and gas followed him like a fiend to the very door of the shaft and poured out after him to ascend to the top and wave a black flag of woe and distress on this hitherto prosperous mining region. The miners from the left drift escaped blackened and bruised but safe, and they tell a fearful story of the sight just beyond the blazing coal on the right, where half imagination and half fact showed them a score of terrible faces walled in by a flame no man could pass and live. Willing hands and hearts were not wanting on the outside. The volunteer corps worked steadily from noon until late Monday night night but only recovered the bodies of Shearn and Hays, and each trip brought a deeper despair to those above, and showed there was no hope and no one alive below.

The Latest from the Scene.

All hope of rescuing the thirty-four imprisoned miners has been abandoned. A brick wall is being built across the main shaft to shut off the fresh air and thus smother the flames and allow the working party to enter the mine. The dead men are supposed to be wedged against a trap door leading from the left wing of the main shaft. Steam is being pumped into the main entrance of the pit, out of which heavy volumes of smoke are still pouring. A man named Brownfield, of Dunbar, alleges that the inspector's report, now on file in his office, shows the condition of the pit was bad and the pit lamps were out of order.

Tried to Bribe a Juror.

DES MOINES, Iowa, June 17.—Lewis Foley has been arrested on two charges of contempt of court and attempting to bribe a juror. He told J. T. Kirkman, one of the jurors of the district court, it is said, that it would be $100 in his pocket if he would "hang" the jury in the liquor case against him which will shortly be tried. Mr. Kirkman immediately informed Judge Kavanaugh of this alleged attempt at bribery.

The Gun Was Loaded.

LOWELL, Mass., June 17.—Thomas Foster placed the butt end of a shotgun barrel he was cleaning into the fire to remove an obstruction found near the vent. It exploded and fatally injured Foster's son.

CHARGES OF BRIBERY.

Excitement Among the Members of the Massachusetts Legislature.

BOSTON, June 11.—There was excitement among the Massachusetts legislators when the charge of bribery was boldly made by one of the members of the house. The matter grew out of the elevated railroad bills. There have been three of these before the legislature—the Meigs, the Mack, and the West End. The former has been passed and the latter was up for amendments when George Fred Williams, a young Mugwump from Dedham, said, in the course of a heated debate: "If the house desires, I will remain silent during the rest of this debate, but first I have something to say, and I say it as a question of privilege. I know something of the methods whereby a vote has been reversed.

Being Carried by Corruption.

"Rumors are current that this bill is being carried by corruption, and I believe that they are true. I move a committee of investigation into the methods that have been adopted in carrying this bill through, and, let me say, if I could cover the senate I should praise God if I could bring them to join in the resolutions for an investigation as to the methods which have been adopted in the other branch. I give notice that if they choose to accept the challenge I will give them exidence of an effort of one of their number to get money for his vote."

The greatest excitement prevailed in the house, and the affair was only quieted by the referring of the question to the committee on rules.

ARKANSAS BANDITS.

They Derail and Rob a Train on the Texas and Pacific Road.

TEXARKANA, Ark., June 11.—The belated train on the Texas and Pacific which left here at 11 o'clock at night was robbed at what is known as Four Mile Junction. A switch was thrown and the train derailed. An unknown man who was stealing a ride was instantly killed. Express Messenger Nesbitt resisted the robbers as they entered the express car and was fired upon. The robbers then went through the express safe and made their escape. It is claimed that they secured less than $300 in the express car.

Shot the Messenger Twice.

After they had gone through this car the robbers marched the engineer, and fireman, and messenger about 100 yards from the railroad track, seated them on a log, and told them to stay there with their eyes shut for one hour. When the bandits had gone a distance of about fifty yards they turned and fired a volley at the men on the log. The messenger was shot through the left hand and another bullet pierced his left ear. The robbers then disappeared. It required but a short time to notify officers here, who at once went in pursuit of the bandits. One man has been arrested and is now in custody, but has not yet been fully identified.

The Affairs of Ives and Stayner.

NEW YORK, June 13.—The report of Referee Stetson in the matter of winding up the affairs of Ives and Stayner has been filed. The original liabilities of the firm were $19,000,000, but $11,000,000 has been extinguished by closing out the loans, sales of securities, etc. The total amount of claims proved before the referee was $6,824,874. Ninety-eight per cent. of these agreed to accept 5 per cent. The others will receive about 4½ per cent.

Shot and Then Hanged.

ST. LOUIS, June 11.—A special from Little Rock, Ark., to The Evening Chronicle says: Word reached here that Joe Parent, who was shot from ambush near Green Ridge, Ark., had not died from his wounds, but met a more terrible fate. Parent had been warned to leave the country, being suspected of murder. Failing to do so, he was shot and while wounded was dragged from his house and hanged by a mob.

Killed by Lightning.

DOVER, N. J., June 13.—Thomas A. Janson, aged 17, whose father died recently, leased a boat on the Morris canal and took upon himself the support of his mother and four small children. During the storm of Wednesday, while he was steering his boat on the canal near Stanhope, he was struck by lightning and instantly killed. His body was blackened, and a coin in his pocket was partly melted.

A Duel with Lassoes.

MOORE STATION, Tex., June 11.—Two Mexican cowboys living near here had a singular and fatal duel. Their names were Jose Cariasco and Manuel Basco. They met in the road, quarreled about a cow and endeavored to lasso each other. Cariasco lariated his opponent by the neck, dragged him from the saddle and set off at full speed. Basco was dragged nearly a mile. His neck was broken.

No Show for Sarah Althea.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 11.—The supreme court of California has rendered a decision reversing the judgment of the lower court granting alimony and counsel fees to Sarah Althea Sharon in her well-known divorce case against William Sharon. The alleged contract of marriage on which she based her claims was declared by the United States circuit court in 1886 a forgery and therefore null and void.

Was a Martyr to His Fear.

CINCINNATI, June 11.—Harry White, a young telephone operator, was bitten by a dog last April. He read of the symptoms of hydrophobia, and early Tuesday he told the family they must strap him to the bed. Half an hour later he went into convulsions, and at night he died. The doctors say death was caused by mania on the subject, and that there were no indications whatever of rabies.

Chicago Reaching Out.

CHICAGO, June 11.—A resolution favoring the consolidation of all the village, township, city and county organizations in Cook county into one central government as the municipal city of Chicago, has been referred to a committee of the county board. This resolution promises to lead to an interesting agitation, culminating, probably, by action by the state legislature.

Carlisle's Successor in the House.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 11.—Up to 1 o'clock Wednesday there had been 208 ballots taken at Carrollton to select a successor in the house to Mr. Carlisle without reaching a conclusion. Hallam's name has been temporarily withdrawn and Dickinson is now in the lead.

LATER.—When the 207th ballot was taken Dickinson was nominated by acclamation.

OFF FOR BEHRING SEA.

Ordered to Hunt Seal in Forbidden Waters.

SOME LIVELY TIMES LOOKED FOR.

Canadian Vessels Will Continue the Poaching of Seal in the Disputed Waters of Behring Sea—A Belief That a British Warship Will Be on Hand to Look Out for the Interests of the Canadian Sealers.

NEW YORK, June 16.—A Victoria, B. C., special says: The sealing schooner Lillie has sailed for Behring sea where she will hunt for seals. A reporter met her owner just before she sailed, and was informed that he had given the captain positive orders to hunt in forbidden waters. Other owners have also given their vessels similar instructions, and word has been sent by vessel to schooners cruising on the west coast of Vancouver island to proceed to Behring sea. The full Victoria fleet will enter the sea.

To Cruise in Behring Sea.

Her majesty's ship Amphion, which ran on a rock while conveying Lord Stanley from Victoria to Vancouver some months ago, will leave Esquimault dry dock in a few days, and there is a settled conviction among sealing men and others interested that she has orders from the imperial government to cruise in Behring sea. Preparations are being made for a long cruise, and although, of course, her destination is kept secret, enough is known to warrant the belief that she has been ordered to cruise in Behring sea and look after the interests of any Victoria sealing vessels which may enter disputed waters.

Lively Times Expected.

Naval officers, moreover, are looking for some active work this summer. Sealers, however, know there is no absolute certainty of their receiving protection and are prepared for losses while they hope for the best. Exciting news from Behring sea may be looked for about the latter part of July.

BEEN FASTING SIX MONTHS.

Remarkable Pennsylvania Case That Puzzles the Doctors.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., June 16.—Mrs. Adam Wuchter, of South Whitehall, five miles from here, has taken practically no nourishment for six months and has not tasted a drop of water since Good Friday, April 4, seventy-one days ago. Her case is puzzling the local physicians here beyond measure and has attracted wide curiosity among the medical fraternity. She is barely alive. Sixteen months ago she was taken ill of a mysterious disorder. Physicians are at a loss what to make of the strange malady.

She Takes No Medicines.

Eight months ago they ceased administering medicines, though they have continued their visits regularly on account of the extraordinary features of the case. Since then the poor woman has only occasionally been able to take a teaspoonful of liquid nourishment and no solid food whatever. Mrs. Wuchter suffers pain in her head almost constantly and is subject to frequent violent spasms. She is 38 years of age.

AN UNPROVOKED MURDER.

A Texas Cowboy Shot Down by a Negro Policeman.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., June 16.—C. W. Collins, the 18-year-old son of Rev. James Collins, a Baptist minister at Pearsall, Tex., was shot and killed in this city by James Stevens, a negro policeman. Collins was a cowboy, and came into the city with another cowboy named Dobbs. After spending several hours in seeing the sights the two young men started for their ranch. According to Dobbs' story they were riding quietly through the street when Collins' horse became frightened, and started to run, when without warning, Stevens, who was standing on the sidewalk fired two shots at Collins, one of the bullets passing through his heart and causing instant death. Stevens claims that Collins fired the first shot but no pistol was found on either cowboy when searched. Boys and cattlemen of the surrounding country are much excited over the killing, and threats of lynching are heard on all sides.

Death by Cholera at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, June 16.—Considerable alarm is felt here over the publication of a funeral announcement in which the cause of death is set down as cholera. Friday Viola, infant daughter of Dr. Engelbert Voerster, aged 3 months and 4 days, died, and the doctor in the official burial certificate stated that the child had died from cholera. The health officer says it must have been cholera infantum, but Dr. Voerster is a skillful physician, and it is hard to believe he would have made a mistake in the case of his own child.

Explosion in a Synagogue.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., June 16.—The interior of the synagogue of the Moses Monteflore Jewish congregation was damaged to the amount of $2,000 by an explosion of gas. The building had been tightly closed since Monday, and it is supposed that the gas, which leaked from a defective pipe, was ignited by the "everlasting light" above the altar. The synagogue, though it seats but 200 people, is one of the most elaborate and beautiful religious buildings in the west.

Severe Storm at Lincoln, Neb.

LINCOLN, Neb., June 16.—A heavy wind and rain storm visited this city early Monday morning. A three-story brick building on East O street, belonging to A. J. Bailey, was demolished and two or three uncompleted buildings were more or less damaged. The ruined block was imperfectly constructed, and fell an easy prey to the storm. The total damage will not exceed $30,000. No one hurt.

He Speculated in Wheat.

FRANKFORT, June 16.—The Austrian magnate, Prince Frants Manndorf, has failed. He was engaged in wheat speculations in which he lost over 1,000,000 florins, besides leaving liabilities of another 1,000,000 florins. Trustees have been appointed to take charge of the prince's estates.

Disaster in a Coal Mine.

CONNELLSVILLE, Pa., June 16.—Damp gas exploded at 1 o'clock Monday afternoon in the Hill farm mine near Dunbar. Of she sixty-five men in the pit fifteen have been taken out badly injured. The others are supposed to be suffocated.

AN IMPORTANT RULING.

Decision in the O'Brien County, Iowa, Ejectment Case.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, June 13.—Judge Shiras has filed his decision in the case of Conklin vs. Wehrman, which is the celebrated O'Brien county ejectment case, growing out of the attempt about a year ago to eject a large number of farmers in that county from their homes. The farmers pooled their issues and employed counsel, and the trial, which took place here in May, was of much interest. The court was asked to enjoin Wehrman from prosecuting his ejectment suits until the title could be settled, and asking that the title be quieted in the farmers. Judge Shiras holds that the farmers have both the legal and equitable title, and that Wehrman never had a valid title, and that if he had he has slept too long on his rights to now assert it. This opinion is in harmony with other recent decisions of the higher courts that stale claims and and technical defects can not deprive the farmers of the homes they have occupied for many years. Several thousand acres of valuable farm land are involved.

Explosion of Nitro-Glycerine.

TOLEDO, June 14.—A slight earthquake shock of about ten seconds duration was experienced here at 2:30 a. m. Saturday. Its course was apparently from north to south and it gave out a low rumbling sound. No injury was done, although windows rattled and buildings vibrated. The phenomena occurred at a time when the weather was hot, cloudy and oppressive.

LATER.—The shock was occasioned by the explosion of a nitro-glycerine works four miles from here. No lives were lost.

The Cherokees and Cattlemen.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 13.—A special to The Evening Chronicle from Little Rock, Ark., says: Advices from Cherokee Nation say that Chief J. B. Mayes will probably call an extra session of the Cherokee legislature to consider leases made to cattlemen which have been declared void by the United States government and stock ordered removed. The cattlemen agreed to pay $100,000 for grazing privileges, for a stipulated period, but now claim that a deduction should be made, as the president has forced them to move.

Cyclone Near Joliet, Ills.

JOLIET, Ills., June 11.—During a cyclone at Channahan Tuesday night many buildings were moved from their foundations and trees and outhouses leveled. A part of John Drew's residence was torn away without injury to the occupants. David Drew's barn and three horses were blown forty rods with terrific force against some large trees. The horses were killed and the barn completely wrecked. The lightning and thunder were terrific and the people were crazy with fright. No lives were lost.

A Reward for Bravery.

NEW YORK, June 13.—Police Officer S. V. Parker, who last Decoration Day stopped the runaway horses attached to a carriage in which were seated Gen. R. A. Alger, of Detroit, Mich., Congressman John P. Dolliner, and ex-Judge Van Hoosen, has received a handsome silver bowl lined with gold and richly chased from Gen. Alger as an acknowledgement of the officer's bravery on that occasion. The present was accompanied by a personal letter of thanks to Officer Parker.

Hanlan Comes Rather High.

BOSTON, June 14.—The Herald has received a letter from Edward Hanlan, dated Toronto, June 12, saying that the offer by Manager Thayer, of the Point of Pines, of a $1,000 purse for a race between Hanlan, Gaudaur and Teemer is absurd. He will not row unless a $5,000 purse is given. Teemer and Gaudaur are willing to row for $1,000.

Great Blaze at Topeka, Kan.

TOPEKA, Kan., June 13.—Long & Wall's livery stable and twenty-nine horses, R. S. Long's residence, Brocks & Miller's lumber yard, J. W. Walter's blacksmith shop, Seery & Morton's farm implement store, and P. M. Hughes' paint shop were destroyed by fire early Friday morning. Total loss $30,000; insurance $15,000.

To Sell the Union Stock Yards.

CHICAGO, June 13.—John B. Sherman says the sale of the Union stocks yards to an English syndicate for $22,000,000 will be consummated July 1. It is not believed that the minor stockholders will enjoin the sale. It is rumored that after the sale local capitalists will combine and start another concern.

Dismissed the Indictments.

NEW YORK, June 1.—Judge Cowing in the court of general sessions has rendered his decision dismissing the indictments against John Keenan and Boodle Alderman Henry L. Sayles, who were charged with participating in the steal of the Broadway railroad franchise.

All Previous Records Broken.

NEW YORK, June 13.—The steamship Columbia of the Hamburg-American Packet company, which arrived here Friday morning, made the trip in six days sixteen hours and twenty-three minutes, beating all previous records from Southampton.

Will Be Struck by Lightning.

NEW YORK, June 11.—Henry Smiler has been found guilty of murder in the first degree for the killing of his wife. Smiler is a printer by trade. He had several wives, and started out one day to kill two of them, but could not get into the house of one of his intended victims.

Washed Out of Their Home.

MAYESVILL, Ky., June 13.—A woman and her three daughters named Hessler, were washed out of their home on Brill creek, three miles above here, and all of them were drowned. The body of the mother was caught in the current opposite here.

To Consider the World's Fair Matters.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 13.—Governor Fifer has issued a proclamation calling the legislature to meet in extra session on July 23 to consider world's fair matters.

Curious Witch Superstitions.

In 1694, during the witch persecutions in New England, a dog exhibited such strange symptoms of affliction that he was believed to have been ridden by a warlock, and he was accordingly hanged. Snails, flies, mice, ants, caterpillars and other obnoxious creatures have been similarly proceeded against and condemned to various punishments, mostly in ecclesiastical courts. And, stranger still, inanimate objects have suffered the same fate.—All the Year Round.

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

Smith, the Toronto Wife Murderer, Hanged.

HIS LAST WORDS ON THE GALLOWS.

The Evidence Against Him Purely Circumstantial, but He Confesses His Guilt to His Spiritual Adviser—Startling Developments at Texarkana, Ark., in Connection with the Recent Train Robbery—Murder and Suicide at Philadelphia.

LONDON, Ont., June 14.—Henry Smith, who murdered his wife on Feb. 18 last, was hanged at 8:10 Saturday morning. Promptly at 8 o'clock Smith was conducted from his cell to the scaffold, supported by four deputy sheriffs. A short prayer was said by one of the attending ministers, during which the executioner adjusted the black cap and at 8:10 the rope was cut and Smith launched to eternity. There were but twenty persons allowed within the court yard.

The Scene on the Scaffold.

On the way to the gallows the condemned man appeared weak and trembled, but his face wore a calm expression. As the hangman adjusted the noose before putting on the black cap, the poor fellow groaned and shook and had to be supported by the guards. "God have mercy" were his last words. The drop fell at 8:10, and it was eleven minutes later before the jail surgeon announced that his heart had ceased to beat, death resulting from his neck being broken.

Confessed His Crime.

Smith murdered his wife in a drunken frenzy. The evidence on which he was condemned to death, however, was purely circumstantial. A confession made to his spiritual adviser by the prisoner was read, in which he acknowledged having killed his wife, and hoped his fate would be a warning to all who were addicted to drink.

STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS.

Two Men Arrested for the Arkansas Train Robbery.

TEXARKANA, Ark., June 14.—Developments have about cleared away the mystery of last Monday night's train robbery on the St. Louis, Arkansas and Texas railway, and these developments are of an exceedingly sensational character locally. On the morning after the robbery a coat was found near the scene and the sheriff went to work on the view, and it eventually led him to the rooms occupied by John S. Williams, one of the oldest citizens of Texarkana, whose reputation has always been untarnished and who has quite a reputation as a detective.

Placed Under Arrest.

A search was made and under Williams' bed was found a vest that matched the coat. Williams said the clothes belonged to Napoleon McDaniels, a police officer, who has also lived here many years, and has a family of good social standing. Williams and McDaniels were both arrested. It was learned that Williams had sent a physician to his plantation the day after the robbery to see a man who, as he said, had accidentally shot himself. This man was found to be James Ratliffe. He was locked up Friday evening. A wig, false whiskers, and other parts of a disguise were found near the scene. Ratliffe is not known here. The other two both own considerable property, and have always been prominent. They refuse to talk.

Did Vincent Suicide?

CLEVELAND, Ohio, June 14.—Doubt has arisen as to whether James A. Vincent, who came here from Chicago recently, did commit suicide Thursday, and a report is current that the "Charlie" O'Connor who was with Vincent is a girl in male attire. Search was continued by the life-saving crew and divers for Vincent's body, but it was not found, and the police are inclined to believe that the story of the suicide was made up for some purpose unknown to them. The water where Vincent was said to have jumped into the lake is scarcely five feet deep.

Murder and Suicide.

PHILADELPHIA, June 14.—In the cellar of a new building on Thomas avenue below Cumberland Charles Desmond, aged 21 years, was shot and killed by William Cullen, aged 19, who afterward committed suicide by shooting himself in the mouth. Both men were plumbers and had been at work on the building. They were friends and no motive for the crime can be given. The police believe that Collen was suffering from a fit of insanity. Since a recent illness he appeared melancholy and at times acted as if his mind was affected.

The Man Who Shot Cowles.

MONTREAL, June 14.—Eugene Cowles' assailant C. C. Hale, was brought in the court of queen's bench Friday afternoon. The grand jury returned a true bill against him, for shooting with intent to kill and murder. Hale pleaded not guilty. Mr. McGibbon, who appeared for the prisoner, had the case adjourned until September and furnished $4,000 bail for his client who was released, until time to appear at his trial.

Successful Raid by Highwaymen.

JOSHUA, Tex., June 14.—Three highwaymen, one of whom was masked, rode into Joshua at 8:45 o'clock Thursday night and stopped at Mr. West's store, in which the postoffice is located. They were heavily armed and robbed the postoffice of all the money it contained, together with what money West had in the store. The robbers got three gold watches and $300 in money. They made their escape.

Charged with Murder.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 14.—The coroner's jury in the case of Henry McBride, the waiter who was killed in a prize fight with Frank Larue, another waiter, at the Golden Gate Athletic club last Tuesday, has rendered a verdict charging Larue with murder. Larue and several others who were present at the fight are under arrest.

Suicided While Despondent.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 14.—John F. Forrest, 81 years of age, of 363 Seventeeth street, committed suicide by hanging himself to the gas fixtures in the basement of his house. Despondency over failure to obtain employment was the cause.

Two Couples in for Murder.

TRINIDAD, Colo., June 14.—Prexillaro Gretgo, a Mexican, and two accomplices, with their wives, are under arrest for having murdered F. Underwood, a grocer here, on June 3. The murder was a cold-blooded one, the object being robbery.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Three young men while bathing in the river at St. Louis Saturday were drowned.

An aged lady died suddenly in a hotel at Birmingham, Ala., and in her bustle was found secreted $2,010.

Rockford, Joliet and a number of other Illinois towns were visited by severe storms Saturday.

In nearly all Russian factories the employes are required to work thirteen hours per day.

Mrs. Stowe was 78 years old last Saturday.

A saloon keeper at Reed City, Mich., has been fined $500 for selling liquor to a woman's husband after he had been notified not to do so.

A miniature whirlwind carried off the clothes of three boys while they were swimming near Lancaster, Pa.

Within the last two months over 400 Chinese bound for the United States have landed at Guymas, Mex.

The crop prospects in England are generally excellent and never looked more flourishing. Neither warmth nor moisture has been lacking.

A system of electric homeopathy is said to be successful in curing leprosy. It is used in India.

The last stone of the spire of Ulm cathedral was put in place on May 31, and that cathedral now reaches higher than any other in the world, or 530 feet.

Marian Manola, the prima donna, was photographed in tights by a flash light Saturday night at New York against her protest and that of the audience, the latter expressing its disgust by hissing.

Meissonier's "1814"—Napoleon's retreat from Russia—which just sold for $170,000, is 30 inches long by 20 high.

Near Louisville, Ky., A. M. Walton struck with his fist and killed Ben H. Kerick. Both were employed on the farm of John Kursh. They quarreled over some trivial matter.

Fourteen deaths from Asiatic cholera have occurred in the Spanish province of Valencia.

John McCauley, a river man, was killed by Angus Smith, a glass blower, in a fight at Phillipsburg, Pa., Smith striking a blow that broke McCauley's neck.

Seven bodies of unknown dead were taken out of the river along the city front in New York Sunday.

The Kentucky court of appeals decided that a telegraph company is liable for damages both to feelings and financial interests by failure to deliver a telegram.

A THRONE FOR A HUSBAND.

The Archduchess Valeria Gives Up Her Claim to the Crown.

VIENNA, June 16.—Archduchess Valeria has publicly renounced all claims to the Austrian throne in order to marry the man of her choice. The ceremony of renunciation took place in the imperial council chamber. It was an affecting and impressive scene. The archducess after the formal declaration, which was duly attested and proclaimed, turned to the emperor and members of the imperial family and said: "A loving husband would make a true woman happier than a thousand thrones." The emperor took his daughter to his arms and all present were deeply touched.

Married on a Running Train.

CASSELTON, N. D., June 16.—Ex-City Justice C. E. Foster was married to Miss M. McCormick, of Billings, Mont. The ceremony was performed on board the east-bound train on the Northern Pacific. The bride came from the west on that train, being joined here by the groom with the clergyman and a large party of friends. They were assigned a car and the clergyman proceeded at once to business, uniting the couple while the train was running at a speed of forty-five miles an hour.

Row at Sunday Picnic.

ELMWOOD, Ohio, June 16.—Between 200 and 300 persons attended a picnic about two miles north of here Sunday given by some Cincinnati club. Beer was the attraction. Late in the afternoon a general fight occurred, in which two men were fatally hurt. Three or four were dangerously wounded and a score, including several girls, were badly cut and shot.

Says It Is Asiatic Cholera.

MADRID, June 16.—Dr. Candela, the famous expert and specialist, who has made an investigation into the subject, pronounces the disease which has appeared in the province of Valencia to certainly be the dreaded Asiatic cholera. At Puebla de Pugat and vicinity ninety-one deaths from cholera have already occurred and the scourge is spreading.

Dr. Augustus Hand Dead.

MORRIS, Ills., June 16.—Dr. Augustus F. Hand died at his home in this city. He was born at Shoreham, Vt., in 1816. He came west at the age of 18, settling in Morris in 1847. He was for many years United States examining surgeon at this point. He leaves a wife and three children.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, June 16.

Following are the quotations on the board of trade to-day: Wheat—No. 2 June, opened 87¼c, closed 88c; July, opened 88¼c, closed 86c; September, opened 88¼c, closed 86½c; December, opened 89¾c, closed 87½c. Corn—No. 2 June, opened 36½c, closed 37½c; July, opned 34¾c, closed 34¾c; September, opened 35¼c, closed 35½c. Oats—No. 2 June, opened and closed 28½c; July, opened and closed 28¼c; September, opened 25⅝c, closed 25½c. Pork—July, opened and, closed $12.85; August, opened $12.85, closed $12.80; September, opened and closed $12.85. Lard—July, opened $5.92½, closed $5.90.

Live stock—Union stock yards prices were quoted as follows: Hogs—Market opened slow and prices 10c lower; light grades, $3.60@3.95; rough packing, $3.75@3.80; mixed lots, $3.75@3.90; heavy packing and shipping lots, $3.80@3.95.

Produce: Butter—Finest creameries, 13@13½ per lb.; finest dairies, 10@11c; packing stock, 4½@5c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 12@12½ per doz. Poultry—Chickens, 23@24c per lb; turkeys, 7c; ducks, 8@9c; geese, $4.00@5.00 per doz. Potatoes—On track—common and mixed, 30@35c per bu; Peerless, 40@43c; Burbanks, 50@55c; sweet potatoes, $3.50@3.75 per bbl. Apples—$4.00@5.00 per bbl. Strawberries—75c @$1.25.

Broom corn—Hurl, 5½@6c per lb; whisk brush, 5½@5¾c; green, self-working, 4½@5½c; inside and covers, 3½ 4½c; common brush, 3½@3¾c; crooked, 2@ 3½c.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, Ohio, June 16.

Wheat—Lower and active; cash and July, 87½c; August, 87½c; December, 90½c. Corn—Quiet; cash and July, 36c; August, 36½c. Oats—Quiet: cash, 28½c; August, 27c asked. Clover seed—Easy: cash, $3.40; October, $3.50 asked.

Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, June 16.

Wheat—Easy; No. 2 spring on track cash, 89@89½c; July, 89½c; No. 1 northern, 89c. Corn—Steady; No. 3 on track, 34c. Oats—Dull; No. 2 white on track, 29½c. Rye—Quiet; No. 1 in store, 46c. Barley—Firm; No. 2 in store, 48@48½c.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JUNE 21, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"The Crystal Slipper."

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—"Shenandoah."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Olivette."

HOOLEY'S THEATRE,
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The Dead Heart."

COLUMBIA THEATRE,
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Henry K. Dixey.

HAYMARKET THEATRE,
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Le Nardes Galeties.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE,
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Burr Oaks."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
Halstead street near Madison.—"Streets of New York."

NATIONAL PANORAMA,
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

BLUDGEONS, SWORDS AND BLACKTHORNS.

The Irish constabulary (Peelers, for short), broke the heads of a number of their too lamb like fellow-countrymen at a recent harmless meeting, held in the town of New Tipperary. These uniformed blackguards, bullies and ruffians, composed of the slime of Irish earth, mostly Catholics, also, had no hesitation in hitting with their bludgeons old and young, at the command of their brutal "chief," who acted under that Irish limb of the devil, called a stipendiary (paid) magistrate. Not a blow was struck in return, because the people had left even their blackthorn sticks behind them, and were thoroughly unarmed. Subsequently the same atrocious scoundrelism was repeated in Cashel of the Kings, also on Tipperary's historic soil, and among those injured by the bludgeon-wielders was Mr. John Dillon, whose delicate condition of health ought to have guaranteed him respect and immunity. The people attempted to stand their ground, but, having no weapons whatever, were finally obliged to give way before the united onslaught of the peelers and a couple of troops of English hussars, who charged upon the helpless multitude with naked sabres. Even women and children were knocked down and trampled upon.

This is certainly a most humiliating outcome for Ireland, and particularly for fiery and heroic Tipperary. Oh, for the days, bloody but glorious, of Ballyellis and Carrickshock! It is enough to make the blood of every Irishman throughout the world boil madly in his veins, to see the landlords' uniformed bastards, and the armed pickpockets of the English slums, riding rough-shod over an ancient people in the streets of one of Ireland's most ancient cities, illustrious, but now desecrated, Cashel. Since Murrough the Burner visited it with sword and fire, never has Cashel of the Kings—Cashel of the Saints and Heroes—suffered such humiliation?

No wonder that when, some days afterward, young Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, lying on a sick bed in London, received an invitation to attend another Irish meeting, the hot blood of his gallant great grandfather leaped in revolt, and he wrote back, advising the people to bring their blackthorns, or defensive weapons of some kind, when next they peacefully assembled to demand their rights as members of the human family. But what good will blackthorns, or spade-handles, for that matter, be against swords and guns? No, no, Sir Thomas. It is better for the people to refrain from meeting, than to give the Irish and English dogs, in England's pay, a chance to heap outrage upon outrage, insult upon insult. But if they will meet, and if they are determined to defend their rights by force, which, indeed, seems doubtful, let them bethink them of how their grandfathers used to operate. There are lonely *boheens* in Ireland yet, and good thick whitethorn hedges, behind which stalwart ranks, armed handily with hay forks, pronged eight inches long, could lie concealed until the proper moment. The Tipperary men must have some blunderbusses and Brown Besses still lying in running water, to keep them from rusting. Of course this is only a fancy picture, based upon the idea that Irishmen are as desperate in avenging wrong and outrage as any other race of men—even to the Red Indians—but somehow or other they don't avenge worth a cent in these times. Then, let there be a good leader and handy barricades, on wheels, if possible, to close the pass before and behind the peelers and hussars. Then, when they are firmly trapped, as at Ballyellis, let the word be passed from man to man, and let the hayforks, blunderbusses and the Brown Besses do their duty, in the name of God and of Ireland! But if no such opportunity should present itself, the Irish would be powerless. In an open country, or in the square of a town, the enemy would have everything their own way, unless there was a close, rapid rush on the part of the people, and a determination, as at New Ross, to lose ten to one in the effort to wipe out the bastard Irish and refuse English. THE CITIZEN does not think the enemy will ever march through a defile in Ireland without throwing out flankers, but such a thing is not impossible. How the young man who saw his mother knocked down by that English hussar in the streets of Cashel would enjoy putting eight inches of honest Irish steel through the ribs of the dastardly vagabond! The Irish peelers, as a body, are no better. They are "the Queen's Irish," just as their dirty skulks of forefathers were, in the days of Elizabeth, when Hugh O'Neill—God rest his gallant soul—wiped the soil of Tyrone with them and their English allies.

But the Irish bump of caution is too well developed now to dare anything of the kind pictured herein. The killing of an Irishman in a frieze coat by an alleged "brother" Irishman in a bottle green tunic is considered as nothing in England. No Irish peeler ever gets hanged for killing a national Irishman. Oh, no. But let the national Irishman kill a peeler or a hussar, even in self-defense, well established, and the gallows waits! How dared he! What! A mere Irishman kill a uniformed servant of her Saxon "Majesty"! The very idea! The Lord God gave Adam power over the birds of the air, the beasts of the field and the fishes of the sea. But England, through satanic agency, claims also power over the Irish, even to the fusillade and the halter. Irishmen placed in situations of dangerous duty outside of Ireland are generally as fearless as any other breed of men. In Ireland the policy of procrastination, the "drop of blood" absurdity of O'Connell, and the peculiar teachings that have prevailed since the Fenian movement was crushed out, have rendered them about as helpless as a flock of sheep in the presence of armed enemies. That is about the naked truth of the matter.

Therefore, Sir Thomas Esmonde, put not your faith in blackthorns! Neither urge your Irish to carry pitchforks, because they might accidentally hurt somebody, and, then, even though the blood of Henry Grattan courses in your gallant veins, the benevolent British government, which, in such cases, is sadly democratic, would hang you, Sir Thomas! And all England would cry out, Liberals, Tories and Quakers, "Served him right! What right had he to teach the bloody h'Irish to be men?"

THE HON. JOHN A. JAMESON.

The late Hon. John A. Jameson, who died suddenly of heart disease at his Hyde Park residence on Monday, was a gentleman of fine legal and literary attainments. He served for several terms as Judge of the Superior Court of this county. The Judge was a native of Vermont, and possessed the fine countenance and splendid physique with which the children of the Green Mountains are generally blest. He was only in his 59th year, but he had known for years that death was apt to summon him at any moment. His disease was rheumatism of the muscles surrounding the region of the heart. Every change of the weather caused him more or less pain, but his agony was not extreme until some weeks before he passed away. His death was, however, comparatively painless and very peaceful. His daughters were with him when he died; but, unfortunately, Mrs. Jameson, whose health is delicate, was in the East, and had to be summoned by telegraph. Judge Jameson's only son is a student of the Michigan University. The bar took suitable action in regard to Judge Jameson's demise. The funeral occurred on Thursday, and called together most of the distinguished people of the city.

CHARLES R. DENNETT.

Mr. Charles R. Dennett, who was for years the managing editor of the *Chicago Times*, under the late W. F. Storey, and who continued to hold that office for a long time after the death of his chief; and who was more recently managing editor of the Chicago *Globe*, died suddenly of paralysis, at his suburban home, on the evening of the 11th inst. Mr. Dennett was 66 years of age, and was one of the most experienced journalists in America. He was a splendid paragrapher, an excellent judge of news, but did not particularly shine in general editorial writing. No better editor ever directed the purely journalistic business of a great paper. He was occasionally unjust and irritable toward those who were under his control, but this resulted much more from constitutional irascibility than from any malignity of disposition. He had a good many redeeming traits, and, once in a while, he would blossom out into good fellowship, like "one of the boys." The editor of THE CITIZEN has had his differences with Mr. Dennett during and after the connection of both with the *Times*, but, in the presence of death, all such differences are buried in the grave of him who is gone. No man can help the nature that has been given him by the great Creator. Mr. Dennett was not built, perhaps, on the broadest scale, but he was a journalist of whom the people of his profession may well be proud. His death was quite unexpected, and was a great shock to all who knew him. He leaves a widow and several grown-up children.

THE MATT. HARRIS FUND.

THE CITIZEN has received a circular, from the members of the Irish party, having in charge the collection of a fund for the family of the late patriotic Irishman, Mr. Matthew Harris, M. P., who represented East Galway for many years. Mr. Thomas Sexton, M. P., is one of the treasurers. Up to date THE CITIZEN has received the following subscriptions for the Matt. Harris fund:

Rev. E. Hayes, Imogene, Ia.....$25
Jeremiah Howard, So. Omaha, Neb.....10

THE Galway *Vindicator* is now crying out for new English military barracks in the "Citie of the Tribes." It fears that Enniskillen may get them instead. Well, friend *Vindicator*, they would be much more *en rapport* with Enniskillen. Galway has nothing in common with the English. Enniskillen has always been an Orange stronghold, and the red Saxons will find themselves in much more congenial company there than in Galway. When Irish armies existed, the three great Irish fortresses were "Limerick, Galway and stout Athlone."

HUGH FARRAR MACDERMOTT, the noted Irish-American journalist, and general litterateur, died suddenly of heart failure in New York recently. He was fifty eight years old.

MARSHAL MACMAHON, of France, is now in his 83d year, and is as erect, and soldierly, as when he was forty. He still indulges in several hours of horse back exercise daily.

His Eminence, Cardinal Manning, has a peculiar method of criticism. In writing to Mr. William O'Brien, author of "When We Were Boys," recently, the Cardinal says: "My dear Mr. O'Brien: In my last letter I promised you that I would write again when I had finished reading your book, but when I came to the end I forgot the book, and could only think of Ireland, its manifold sufferings and its inextricable sorrows."

New Tipperary was made glad a few days ago by the receipt of 1,000 francs from the generous bride of William O'Brien—her gift to 500 children of the Christian Brothers' Schools for their annual *fete*.

Last Wednesday was the 75th anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. The English, Prussians, Dutch, Belgians and French who fell there have been joined on the other side of the Styx by the survivors. Of all the mighty hosts that there contended for the mastery of Europe, hardly one survives today! How many people can name one per cent of even the officers who died on that bloody field? Such, however, is human life—such human glory!

Some ingenious person has now discovered, or pretends to have discovered, that Raffalovich is the Russian for Rafferty, and that an Irish progenitor of William O'Brien's fair Franco Russian took service under the Czar in the days of the celebrated Field Marshal Lacey.

PATRIOTIC REFLECTIONS.

[To the Editor.]

Ireland's cause has never suffered for lack of champions. Sometimes Ireland and her cause have suffered from too eager champions, who have loved their country not wisely but too well. They are of the class who "rush in where angels fear to tread." From such it might be said, "save me from my friends." Without being in a fault finding mood, the only type of man that comes nearest to my ideal of an Irish patriot (if this be not an Hibernianism) is the average American citizen, who loves all things that are good and pure. With my own countrymen, even those who are Irish in the sense that I belong to, I sometimes "lock horns" over the inevitable and inscrutable question of how best to serve the cause of Irish liberty. In my own day and generation I have met all kinds of alleged patriots, good, bad and indifferent. It is said that there is no brand of the so called elixir of life that is really bad, and in this sense an Irish patriot must be taken for what he is worth. But the word patriot is not a patented article so far as Ireland is concerned. Patriots abound everywhere—in every country. But as modern civilization is said to be detrimental to the development of the divine afflatus—the Promethean fire—so, in a like manner, may it be urged that Ireland's hereditary struggle suffers in popular favor by the lapse of years. The logical analysis of this statement is not detrimental to the cause and the country of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, John Mitchel, and others of the immortals, but, per contra, it demonstrates the fact that "truth crushed to earth will rise again." That is to say, England has demonstrated the startling psychological revelation that after all she as a nation is possessed of a soul, not to speak of a conscience.

But ideas of this kind do not, properly speaking, belong to the realm of "practical politics." A man who talks nowadays must not deal in platitudes; he must be possessed of the true prophetic spirit and his words must stand for truth and manhood; or else he himself sinks into utter insignificance.

Whether English, Irish or American, it is agreed that Ireland is a country that has been sadly misgoverned. It is equally true, and can as safely be asserted, that Irishmen have, without going into exaggerated figures of speech, been as loyal to the cause of human liberty as any other country on the face of the globe. This goes without saying. It is a truism that even Ireland's worst enemies won't deny. Irishmen, whatever their other sins may be, are not "laggards in love or dastards in war."

Now all this beating about the bush only leads up to the contention, that an Irishman after all has a right to love his country. And love of country, like all other of the human emotions—may be "side tracked," to use a familiar expression, according to the antecedents or experiences of the individual in question. But, like the Order of Melchisedeck, "once an Irish patriot, a patriot forever." That is the sacred oil that consecrates us all, and makes Irishmen akin. The man who has run the gauntlet of a British dungeon is ipso facto an Irish patriot; he has won his spurs and is justly entitled to wear them. For me I have known many such, living and dead. Must I quarrel with the few sole survivors because we cannot agree to disagree? I cannot entertain vindictive feelings towards a brother Irishman who is at all worthy the name of an Irish patriot. What a sadly misused name! But while people of this class may come and go the cause "flows on forever."

To thee, Ireland, my heart is dedicated. I am not my brother's keeper. Every God fearing man must be the custodian of his own conscience. But I am compelled to set my face against all crimes that are committed in the name of the sacred cause of Irish liberty, God save Ireland!

A.E.C.

THE MANDEVILLE MEMORIAL.

The following sums for the Mandeville Memorial have been received by the local treasurer: The sum of $10, subscribed by Jeremiah Howard, of South Omaha, has been forwarded to Mr. John T. Casey, "the Galtee Boy," by THE CITIZEN.

Hon. Frank Lawler, M.C.	$ 5 00
John M. Dunphy	10 00
Tim O'Mahoney, Waukegan	5 00
John L. Quan	5 00
Wm. Fitzgerald	5 00
John Sullivan	5 00
David Sullivan (deceased)	5 00
Thomas FitzGerald	5 00
John Lane	5 00
E. M. Labiffe	5 00
J. J. Crowley	5 00
J. S. Hyland	5 00
M. Doherty	5 00
Mrs. Tracey	5 00
T. J. Lane	5 00
Cornelius Flynn	5 00
Con. O'Donnell	5 00
Thomas Ryan	5 00
John Cahill	5 00
Thomas O'Neill	5 00
W. J. English	5 00
Michael O'Loughlin	5 00
James Monahan	5 00
John S. Cooke	5 00
Charles Dennehy	5 00
Mark Harding	5 00
P. O'Brien	5 00
James FitzGerald	5 00
Michael Barrett	5 00
Jerry Keenedek	2 00
Mrs. Gallagher	2 00
Patrick Morrissey	2 00
Thomas Ryan	2 00
D. F. Delaney	2 00
W. J. Lyons	2 00
Thomas Hyland	2 00
Edward Kelly	2 00
M. J. English	2 00
James Hanton	2 00
John Duffy	2 00
Dr. T. F. O'Malley	2 00
Larry O'Donnell	2 00
Dallemand & Co.	2 00
William Casey	2 00
H. R. Eagle	2 00
John R. Maloney	2 00
P. F. Ryan	2 00
M. W. Bradley	2 00
John Carroll	2 00
Maurice Hyland	1 00
Phil Furcell	1 00
John O'Connor	1 00
Michael English	1 00
Thomas Duggan	1 00
Arthur O'Bourke	1 00
Cash	1 00
Patrick Powers	1 00
James Hurley	1 00
John Farrell	1 00
Michael Kelly	1 00
John Slattery	1 00
Thomas Kelly	1 00
M. Lee	1 00
P. McEvoy	1 00
D. M. Egan	1 00
Michael Carmody	1 00
Thomas Gilmore	1 00
Patrick Scannell	1 00
Patrick Hennessy	1 00
Michael Gallagher	1 00
Denis Molyneaux	1 00
William Hennessy	1 00
John Casey	1 00
John Ryan	1 00
M. Ryan	1 00
M. Dowling	1 00
James Ryan	1 00
Michael O Connor	1 00
Patrick Lyman	1 00
Denis Hanly	1 00
Tim Driscoll	1 00
John McDevitt	1 00
Patrick Dwyer	1 00
Andy Moran	1 00
James Farrell	1 00
Patrick Lane	1 00
W. J. Culliton	1 00
Cash	1 00
James Powell	1 00
Thomas Flynn	1 00
J. M. Byrnes	1 00
Patrick O'Beirne	1 00
Patrick Moore	1 00
Patrick Ryan	1 00
Richard Carroll	1 00
M. FitzGerald	1 00
R. Kelly	1 00
John G. FitzGerald	1 00
P. Walsh	1 00
F. F. Carroll	1 00
W. J. Dermio	1 00
Teomas O'Connor	1 00
J. J. Hayes	1 00
J. J. Smith	1 00
Cash	1 00
D. M. McCarthy	1 00
P. F. Allen	1 00
J. T. Keating	1 00
T. Collins	1 00
George Picott	1 00
— Hougsburg	1 00
Walter Clark	1 00
J. F. Hunter	1 00
John O'Donnell	1 00
James Lahiffe	2 00
Patrick Fogarty	50
James Kelly	50
John Campbell	50
J. W. Johnson	50
Joseph Bartch	50
J. A. Campbell	50

THE AMERICAN TITLE TRADE.

Talk of Chinese cheap labor, and the Chinese habit of "taking money out of this country." The grim Chinese cannot hold a candle to our American heiresses. Daughters of men who made their fortunes mostly out of the early sweat of their brows—out of—

Tallow and hides
And furs, besides
Tar, pitch and isinglass and oil.

They hate the notion of "honest sweat," and turn with loathing from the stalwart hand of industry, to the velvet glove of luxury. Baron Dyintogetrichoffyou, of Russia; Lord Plantagenet Persimmons Drinkmepoor, of England; Count Raoul Jean Fontlediable, of France; Baron Von Setemupzwella, gerbier, of Germany; Sir Butler Murrough Mortgage MacSassenach, of Ireland, heir to the dukedom of Ballynadochnadorris, and the earldon of Knockmedowncheapinchancery; Sir Douglas Dashboard Inverlochy Killeusquebaugh, heir to the Marquisate of Mount Porridgeville, of Scotland; Senor Don Fernando Oveja Vaca de la Guadalajara Maldetto, of Spain, and all the rag-tag and bobtail of out at elbows nobility of the old world, pursue our rich American girls, and, in lieu of the diadems they place upon their brows, they place the ducats of the ladies in their capacious pockets, which, somehow, always have a hole in them. Look at the following remarks and list from the Chicago *Globe* and tremble:

"The immense sum of 44,175,000 has gone to Europe during the last few years, with several American girls as an incumbrance, to trade for titles. In the main this dowry of beauty and fortune purchased poor specimens of men. If they were in Chicago they couldn't earn a living shoveling smoke out of the city. Yet they have what all the world of snobs love, a title. Most of them have vices and debts and other things equally undesirable. But a title covers a multitude of sins.

The American girl is a beauty. She is a conversationalist. She has plenty of dash and spirit and gives those blasé noblemen more pleasure in an hour than they ever had in their lives before. And she is rich—that is all who marry noblemen are. So he marries her, goes to heaven and gets the earth.

Here is a list of them:

Lady Vernon Harcourt	$ 200 000
Countess Von Linden	1,000,000
Marquis de Mores	5,000 000
Lady Hesketh	2,000 000
Mrs. Henry Howard	500,000
Duchess of Marlborough	7,000 000
Lady Wolsey	2 000 000
Baroness Heydlitz	1,500 000
Mrs. Arthur Paget	400,000
Mrs. Maude Ramsey	1,000 000
Princess de Scey Montbelliard	2,000,000
Mrs. Smith Barry	300 000
Mrs. Hugh Hallett	200 000
Duchess de la Rovera	3 000,000
Lady Vernon	1 000,000
Duchess de Gluckejerg	2 000,000
Princess Colonna	5 000 000
Duchess de Dino	3 000,000
Mrs. Earnest Beckett Dennison	500,000
Countess de Cusbut	200,000
Countess de Agreda	1,000,000
Mrs. William Carrington	200 000
Countess Savorgnan	300,000
Princess de Brancaccio	250 000
Countess di Calry	150,000
Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck	1,500,000
Lady Arthur Butler	1,000 000
Mrs. Thomas Charles Baring	500,000
The Baroness de Bromont	75,000
Mrs. Beresford Hope	150 000
Countess Amadei	100,000
Countess d' Aramon	150 000
Lady Aylmar	200 000
Mrs. John Adair	300,000
Marchioness d'Angiesey	200,000
Marchioness Salvaterra	100,000
Total	$ 44,175,000

The immensity of this sum that is gone, or is going, from our shores is so huge that it staggers people who have never considered the subject, and, large though it is, this vast sum does not represent the half of the dowries of the fair American women who have married foreigners."

THE IVY GREEN.

Eloquent Oration by Mr. A. Lawson Baxter, at the Ivy Planting Exercises of the Northwestern University.

Mr. A. Lawson Baxter, son of Dr. A. J. Baxter, of this city, was unanimously chosen orator of the ivy planting exercises by the graduating class of the Northwestern University, on Wednesday, the 18th inst. Mr. Baxter, who has developed rare oratorical powers, and who is physically, as well as mentally, a fine specimen of young American manhood, delivered himself as follows:

MR. BAXTER'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President, Fellow Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen:—It is in pursuance of a good old custom that we are gathered here to day to plant this little sprig of ivy, which we hope in coming years may grow strong and vigorous, sending forth its shoots and branches, and growing until it shall become a vine, beautiful to the eye, and adorning with its glossy green the old walls of the building so dear to every son and daughter of Northwestern.

From earliest days the ivy has been the type of love and enduring friendship. Among the Greeks it signified love ever renewed. It crowned with good fellowship the revels of Bachus. It found a place in the worship of the Druids. It adorned the altars and shrines of the mediæval church. It is a fitting symbol of the affection which it typifies. In its youth clinging closely to the support of the paternal wall, and rising by this means toward the light, it softens the harsh aspect and the rude outline of the building, and adds to it a soft and gentle contour, concealing its defects, while it reveals its higher beauties. And when in after years that wall is shattered by some convulsion of nature, or is crumbling with age, the ivy, grown into a strong and rugged vine, binds together and supports the tottering fragments, protecting them by its leafy shield from the fury of the elements, and hiding them from the gaze of the too curious world.

It is, then, peculiarly appropriate for us to plant this vine here and on this day. It is a token of our love toward our Alma Mater. Northwestern has been to us, indeed, a gentle mother, wise and generous. Under her careful guidance we have almost completed our course within these halls, in preparation for the mightier school of life, in comparison with the struggles of which, the triumphs and defeats of the class room now sink into insignificance. And yet not so, for by the strength gained there we shall be able to conquer the future. If ever the day shall come in after years when distress and disaster shall overtake her, her sons, grown to be men, will swiftly spring to her support, and, rallying to the rescue, avert the impending calamity.

But we look not forward to such a future. We are now in the shadow of a great bereavement; we have lost the noble leadership, the inspiring presence, the ready counsel, the generous aid of a great and good man, who has been called away from his labors, in the fullness of years, crowned with the laurels of victory. We mourn his death, for he was our friend.

But the university for which he did so much still stands. She has in her elements of strength and vigor which will make her as eternal as the great city to which she lies so near. We look forward to the day when the name Northwestern will be synonymous with all that is best and most advanced in the West in culture, science, art and literature, when Evanston will be in truth the Athens of the West, and the renown of her classic halls will reach to every nook and corner of the land.

The ivy may also be looked upon as a pledge of the friendship of the class one toward another. For four years we have been together in our labors, our successes, our defeats. In the same class room, under the same professor, with similar aims and purposes, animated by a common ambition, and spurred on by a generous emulation, the class has been closely knit together, and friendships have formed, strong and tender, which will endure as long as life itself. Other friendships may have in them something of selfishness, but college friendships have not.

Kings choose their friends either to share with them the cares of office, or to obtain flattery and adulation. Politicians make friends to control their votes. Business men consider the making of friends as essential to success as the actual buying and selling. Friends are the capital of the preacher, the lawyer, the doctor; it is through them that they gain popularity and success. But in college life it is not so. There we all meet on the same plane.

The accidents and distinctions of wealth, of rank, of social station disappears, and the man must pass for what he really is. His true character appears, and it is on this basis that friendships are formed.

Into such friendships there enters nothing of policy, of deception or of selfishness. They are as free as air. The student chooses such friends as are congenial to him—men with the same tastes, desires and aspirations, and in this society is found the mutual help, sympathy and inspiration of the highest type. Such friendships are the purest, the strongest, the most lasting. They scatter a sweet fragrance over the whole course of a man's life, making it more endurable under lowering clouds and more joyful under sunny skies. As Pope says:

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.

The crowning glory of a father is in his sons, of a university in her graduates. From Northwestern have gone forth men who occupy high positions in the professions and mercantile pursuits, men of sterling character and moral worth, men of determined and rugged fibre, which commands success. Well may the university look to them with pride. Well may we look to them for inspiration, and in their successes see the promise of our own.

But in our struggle to reach the goal that is before us, let us not be forgetful of our college days, of the love which we bear and the allegience which we have pledged to our Alma Mater, and when out in the world we find our friends failing or deceiving us in time of need, let us remember the pure friendships and the pleasant associations of the old college by the lake. [Prolonged applause].

OBITUARY.

MR. PHILIP J. BRADY.

Mr. Philip J. Brady, formerly a well-known resident of this city, and a man held in high esteem by all who knew him, died rather suddenly, while on a business trip, at Denver, Col., on the 1st inst., and was buried from St. Mary's Cathedral, of that city, on June 4. The funeral, which was very largely attended, was taken charge of by the Overland Club, of which Mr. Brady was a prominent member. Mr. Brady was in the forty-fifth year of his age, when death overtook him. He was a native of Virginia, County Cavan, Ireland, and came to America twenty-two years ago. He lived during most of that period in Chicago, and then moved to Mitchell, Dak. He was one of the most genial of men. He was also a sterling Irish nationalist. Mr. Brady leaves a wife and four sons. May he rest in peace.

THE LATE PROF. JOHN LEONARD.

At the meeting of the members the Emmet Club, held June 14th, to make further arrangements pertaining to the burial of their deceased brother, John Leonard, the following members were appointed to act as pall bearers: James S. Glenn, James Egan, A. J. Timothy, Jas. Killelea, Jas Connors, M. McCormack, Jr., Andrew Newell, Squire P. Walsh, Dr. J. M. Coyle, M. J. Laffey.—*Nashville American.*

JANE ELIZA BACH M'EVERS.

Jane Eliza Bach McEvers, a daughter of Thomas Addis Emmett, and the mother of Lady Cunard, died at the residence of her granddaughter, Audley Park, Leicester, England, of heart failure. She was born in 1802, and came to America with her father in 1805. Prior to coming to this country she lived with her relatives at Fort George, Scotland, while Thomas Emmet, the Irish patriot, was confined there as a political prisoner, for taking part in the Irish rebellion of 1798. In 1835 she married Bach McEvers, then a prominent merchant of this city, who died in 1851. Soortly after her husband's death she returned to England, where she had since resided. Two daughters, Lady Edward Cunard and Mrs. Mary Whitlock, survive her.—*N. Y. Tablet.*

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Bryan Daly and her sister, Mrs. Cornelius Tarrant, left this city on last Monday evening, for a three months' trip to Tralee, their former Irish home. They go to see their aged mother. They sailed from New York on last Wednesday, per steamship "City of New York."

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester R. Keough will be sorry to learn that they lately lost their little son—their only one—at the interesting age of three years. This is the second affliction of the kind the family has had within a few years. THE CITIZEN respectfully extends to the bereaved parents its deepest sympathy.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Kerrigan have suffered a sad bereavement in the death of their first born baby, who passed away quite recently, after a brief illness.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

AN INCREASE OF WAGES.

Messrs. Guinness & Co. announced to all the mechanics and laborers, both men and boys, employed in the concern that the directors had decided to increased their wages by one shilling a week. There are 2,550 persons employed in the brewery who will receive the increase, which will mean an additional expenditure in wages of nearly £7,000 per annum. The directors state that the increase has been granted because of the increased prosperity of the brewery.

RETURNED FOR TRIAL.

At the Athy petty sessions, Surgeon Major Keogh presiding, a young man named William McDonald, a clerk to Mr. Edward Lord, solicitor, was charged by Mr. Lord with having embezzled and stolen an original deed from his office some time during the month of May. Mr. Gerard defended the accused. The bench returned McDonald for trial to the summer assizes, bail being accepted. The evidence was of a conflicting character.

CHARGE OF FIRING.

At Tullamore, before Mr. Mercer, R.M., and Mr. Percy Goodbody, J. P., two men named Jomes Ward and John Cleary were put forward on remand charged with having, on the night of May 23, fired two shots outside the house of Mrs. Anne Sullivan, of Kilmucklin, near Clara, and further with having broke one of the windows. The magistrates decided to send the prisoners for trial to the assizes, admitting them to bail in the meantime.

TENANTS' DEFENSE FUND.

The Tenant's Defense Fund was closed recently at the magnificent total of £61,000.

ACTION OF LIBEL.

On June 1 the Exchequer Division granted leave to Dr. Robert Kenny, Medical Officer North Dublin Union, to serve a writ in an action of libel on the proprietors of the *Medical Press*, in London, for an article blaming him for having, as alleged, ordered an extraordinary amount of food to one of the paupers.

BOHERLANE PARISH.

The people of the parish of Boherlane, where the suppressed meeting was addressed by Messrs. John Dillon and William O'Brien, showed their resentment against the police by leaving the galleries of the chapel on Sunday when the police entered. The only occupants of the galleries during mass were the police and the family of a man who has been boycotted.

SPIRITUAL RETREAT.

A spiritual retreat commenced yesterday at the Church of St. Rynaghs, Banagher. It will continue for a fortnight, and be conducted by the Fathers of the Dominican Order, namely—Very Rev. Father Skelly, Waterford; Very Rev. Father Roche, Cork, and Very Rev. Father McCormack, Limerick.

KILKENNY QUARTER SESSIONS.

Count Court Judge T. A. de Moleyns, Q.C., in opening the quarter sessions at Kilkenny, congratulated the grand jury on the satisfactory condition of the county, there being but one case to go before them.

FELL OVER THE QUAY.

On May 27, a man named James Carty, of the Cornmarket, Wexford, who is subject to epileptic fits, fell over the Quay, and would probably have been drowned were it not for the prompt assistance rendered him by Mrs. James Marlow, W. H. McGuire and Mr. Haslam, who rescued him. A similar accident befel Carty some time ago, and it being then thought that he was insane, he was committed to the lunatic asylum.

JOHN DILLON ENTERTAINED.

Mr. John Dillon, M.P., was entertained on the evening of May 20, by his friends and admirers, at a banquet in the Ancient Concert Rooms, Dublin, to give him a welcome on the occasion of his return from Australia. His speech in reply to the toast of his health was principally occupied with the subject of his Australian tour. He said that the amount of money remitted from Australia to Ireland was £32,888. There was a large muster of the Irish party present.

JUBILEE OF FATHER MOORE.

The golden jubilee of the Very Rev. Father Moore, P.P., Clondalkin, was celebrated in the parish where he had spent his sacerdotal life since he was ordained fifty years ago. The people took every step to make the event worthy of their venerable pastor, who is highly respected among all classes.

MUNSTER.

FELL FROM A WINDOW.

On May 24 a man named Lynch fell from a window in Mr. Revington's house in Denny street, Tralee, and sustained injuries of a very serious nature. His collar bone was broken, his right arm was also broken, and he was injured internally.

HIS THROAT CUT.

On the evening of May 25 Patrick Casey, a tailor, a native of Causeway, was found prostrate in the house of his brother-in-law, William Phoenix with a gash across his throat, caused by a razor which was found open beside him in the room. Drs. Pierce and O'Connor attended the unfortunate man, who is progressing favorably, though at first his condition was rather precarious.

ONE MONTH'S IMPRISONMENT.

Mr. Morgan Hayes, secretary of the Oola National League, was sentenced at Tipperary petty sessions to one month's imprisonment for assaulting a police constable named Gurry.

DEATH OF BRYAN CODY.

Cork papers announce the death, at the age of 60, of a talented native of the city, Mr. Bryan Cody. Mr. Cody was a litterateur of some note. He was a relative to Sir John Pope Hennessy, and on that gentleman's appointment as governor of Labuan, he accompanied him as his secretary.

DIED FROM A BEATING.

A respectable young fellow named Roche has died at Jamestown, near Kilfinane, county Limerick, from the effects of a recent beating, it is said, by a man who struck him with a hurley.

IRISH PRISONERS IN ENGLAND.

A meeting was held at Ennis recently, at which Mr. John P. Keane presided, in the house of Mr. Dennis McNamara, to make arrangements for a demonstration of protest against the treatment of Irish prisoners in England. It was interrupted by a police sergeant who took the names of those present.

DISCHARGED FROM CUSTODY.

The prisoners Patrick Ward and John Nellon, charged in connection with the recent attack on the house of Thomas Hogan, of Doora, near Ennis, were discharged from custody on being brought before Removable Hodder.

MR. G. W. SHAW.

A clue has at last been obtained which may in some degree tend to unravel the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Mr. G. W. Shaw, manager of Moore's Hotel, Kilkee. A hat, similar to one which belonged to Mr. Shaw, has been found floating near Duggerna Rocks, and this fact helps to confirm the opinion very general in Kilkee that the poor gentleman must have committed suicide.

STRUCK BY A CAR.

On the night of May 29, as Joseph Garry, a civil bill officer, was driving through Kilrush, his car struck against a maimed old man named Michael Molony, and knocked him senseless on the road, from the effects of which he died almost immediately. Garry was arrested, but was liberated on bail.

EVICTIONS IN WEST CORK.

Recently the sheriff's officer visited Schull and evicted two men on Castle Island named J. Nugent and J. Regan. The party intended to carry out more evictions on the "Calves" Island, but were unable to land. The landlord is a middleman named Thomas Henry Marmion, of Cork, who holds under Rev. T. Nash Hicks, Torquay.

LODGED IN JAIL.

On May 30 Jeremiah Corcoran, the man who was recently shot at and severely wounded by Captain Rye, J. P., D. L., was arrested, brought into Cork, and lodged in the county jail for a term of imprisonment in default of paying the sum of 10s, which he was fined for trespass on Captain Rye's land on the occasion on which he was wounded! Corcoran has been disabled since the occurrence, and has been on outdoor relief, and, consequently, was unable to pay a fine.

NORTH TIPPERARY QUARTER SESSIONS.

County Court Judge Anderson opened the quarter sessions at Nenagh. He congratulated the grand jury on the state of the district. There was only one case to go before the grand jury, and in this the accused was discharged.

FOUND A SKELETON.

In a bog at Templemore on May 28, there was discovered the skeleton of a man supposed to have been murdered thirty years ago, when returning, with a considerable sum of money, from a fair.

RECEIVING RELIEF.

There are 1,333 persons receiving outdoor relief in the Tipperary Union, at a weekly cost of £77 4s 6d.

FINED £4.

On searching the passengers who disembarked at Queenstown, from the City of New York, on May 25, a five chamber revolver was found hidden inside the dress of a Mrs. Eliza Nugent, cabin passenger, who belongs to Cork. She stated that a fellow traveller, Mr. Augustine Divine, gave her the weapon to bring ashore. She was taken before the magistrate, and after being detained some time was fined £4, which Divine paid. The revolver was confiscated.

MISSION AT MIDLETON.

A three weeks' mission, conducted by Rev. Fathers Carpenter, Nolan, and Walsh, of the Vincentian Order, Cork, for the united parishes of Dungourney, Mogeely, and Clonmult, has just been brought to a very successful close.

SHOT BY MOONLIGHTERS.

On Sunday night, May 25, near Kanturk, a young man named James Walsh, a farmer's son residing at Rahullbeg, near Boherbee, was shot by moonlighters, the bullet entering his skull. His life is despaired of by the doctors in attendance. The case is most peculiar, and the circumstances connected with it are of a very mysterious character, as it cannot be ascertained how or under what circumstances the wound was inflicted.

FOOTBALL AT BALLYPOREEN.

An interesting and well contested football match was played at Ballyporeen between the Ballyduff Upper and Temple tenny, county Tipperary, clubs. Mr. Morrissey, Clogheen, acted as referee. When time was called both teams left the field at even scores. There was some splendid play on both sides. Messrs. Bracket, E. Kearney and J. Kearney acted as umpires for Ballyduff, and Messrs. O'Donoghue, Burke and Fitzgerald represented the Templeteeny men.

Despite every effort to banish them, the seals are still seen in Youghal harbor, and have destroyed a large quantity of salmon. When the salmon are caught in nets, the seals go along the entire length of the net and take away any salmon therein.

THE PICKPOCKET'S HARVEST TIME.

While the police were industriously "shadowing" respectable Nationalists at the Killesgh fair, some extraordinary instances of pocket picking were successfully carried out. A gold watch valued at £60 was stolen from Mr. Thomas Ahearn, victualler, Midleton. A purse containing two checks for large sums was picked from Mr. Patrick O'Brien, of Cork.

The police at Corbally were apprised that a man had been drowned in the Shannon, close to the railway bridge in the locality. His clothes were found on the bank, the man having apparently gone into the river to bathe. The body was subsequently discovered, and identified to be that of Michael O'Donoghue, a compositor.

CONNAUGHT.

SURGEON PARKE AT DRUMSNA.

A very warm reception was given to Surgeon Parke on his arrival at Drumsna. He was met by hundreds, who cheered the gallant young Irishman, and a torchlight procession, headed by the Kilmore band, marched to Clogher house, about two miles from the station, where the National League presented him with an address.

DEATH OF DR NOLAN.

Dr. A. O'Kelly Nolan, of Gort, died on Monday, May 19.

THE CONNEMARA RAILWAY.

At the meeting of the Galway Board of Guardians recently, the memorial of the Archbishop of Tuam and the clergy of West Galway in support of the line of railway between Galway and Clifden was unanimously adopted, and copies of the resolutions were directed to be sent to the members for Galway. All the local public bodies have declared for the same line, which has already passed the grand jury of Galway, and awaits confirmation by the privy council.

RELEASE OF MR. P. M'HUGH.

Mr. P. McHugh, editor of the Sligo *Champion*, was released from Tullamore jail recently, after completing his term of four months' imprisonment.

THE IRISH BAR.

Joseph Bermingham Burke, B.A., L.L. B., University of Dublin, third son of Joseph Burke, of the Abbey, Roscommon, Sessional Crown Solicitor, has applied to be admitted to the Irish Bar. Mr. Burke obtained the first Victoria Prize at the Continuous Course Examination in 1888.

SUDDEN DEATH.

An awful sudden death occurred at Bunree, county Mayo, on May 24. A man named John Walsh, from Culleens, while washing sheep, took suddenly unwell, and was taken to the nearest house, where he expired within fifteen minutes.

A SEVERE FROST.

In consequence of severe frosts on the nights of May 29 and 30, the farmers of Roscommon district complain that potato stalks and green crops have been badly burned.

ACTION FOR LIBEL.

An action for libel has been instituted by Mr. John O'Dowd, vice chairman of the Tubbercurry Board of Guardians, and honorable secretary of the Gaelic Athletic Association of County Sligo, against Mr. F. P. Cawley, C. E., of Curteen, county Sligo. Damages are laid at £500. The case will be heard at the forthcoming summer assizes.

ATHLONE GUARDIANS.

The Athlone Board of Guardians voted to elect a Workhouse Master, on June 7, in succession to Mr. Brennan, who has absconded, and whose dismissal has been made out under sealed order by the Local Government Board.

THE SANFORD ESTATE.

Messrs. Talbot, Crosbie & Holmes have been appointed agents to the Sanford estate at Castlerea. No rents have been paid on this estate since the death of Mr. T. G. Wills Sanford some years ago.

DEATHS.

A Castlerea correspondent writes that a man named Hubert Callahy, a rate collector, dropped dead in that town recently.

Mr. Myles H. Jordan, J. P., of Roslevin castle, county Mayo, died recently.

LAND PURCHASE IN ROSCOMMON.

The tenants on the Thomastown estate, county Roscommon, near Athlone, have almost completed the purchase of their holdings under, Lord Ashbourne's act of seventeen years purchase, all arrears being wiped out.

NEW IRISH PATENTS.

John Rishworth, The Curragh Mills, Tuam, Galway, "Improvements in apparatus for constructing matchboxes and the like."

ULSTER.

ATTACK ON A BAILIFF.

Hugh Conagran, bailiff to Mr. Olphert at Falcarragh, Donegal, was attacked when walking alone near that place on Saturday week by a man with a hatchet and fearfully injured. He was found by the police patrol and taken to Falcarragh, where he lies in a critical state. The police are searching for his assailant.

SENT FOR TRIAL.

At Banbridge, a man named David Callaghan, was sent for trial on a charge of attempted suicide while under the influence of drink. Callaghan is a widower, with several young children.

NEW HOSIERY FACTORY.

Messrs. Stevenson & Co., of Newtownards, opened their new hosiery factory recently. This is the only steam power hosiery factory in Ireland.

CUT BY A HATCHET.

A Clones correspondent writes that a man named Hannon was severely assaulted on June 5, his head, it is stated, being cut by a hatchet. An arrest has been made in connection with the affair.

DOWNPATRICK QUARTER SESSIONS.

At the Downpatrick quarter sessions John Sawey, who had been convicted yesterday of maliciously wounding David Greer, a sergeant of police, at Castlewellan, on April 18 last, was sentenced by Jupge Lefroy to eighteen calendar months' hard labor, and at the expiration thereof to find bail to keep the peace, or in default six months' hard labor.

EVICTION PROCEEDINGS.

The Marquis of Headfort sued for and obtained decrees of possession of the lands of Edenburt, held by Patrick and James Donohue.

APPOINTING A MEDICAL OFFICER.

The Carrickmore Dispensary committee recently met to elect a medical officer. There were two candidates for the office—Dr. R. McMaster, of Omagh, and Dr. W. J. Leetch, of Newtownards. The former was proposed by James Elliot and seconded by Robert Waterson; and the latter was proposed by Col R. H. Ellis and seconded P. McLaughlin. Mr. McMaster was declared duly elected. The salary is £100, exclusive of emoluments.

ALLEGED INTIMIDATION.

At the Armagh quarter sessions Edward Gartlan was indicted for having on May 11, 1889, at Creemkeeran, unlawfully tried to compel one Thomas Lavell to quit his farm.

IN TROUBLE.

The guardians of Castleblaney Union, on the motion of Mr. Hanratty, have agreed to proceed against the late master, Mr. Hunter, and his sureties for the recovery of £41, that amount being deficient in his accounts.

MUNIFICENT OFFER.

At a meeting of the town commissioners, Mr. Hugh Glass, chairman, presiding, a letter was read from Rev. J. B. Wylie, Belfast, stating that a lady and gentleman were ready to provide Banbridge town and district with a free library on condition that the town adopt the Free Libraries act. The offer was accepted and a vote of thanks passed to the donors.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5.00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

Notice.

The Wisconsin Central lines are now selling special Ten Ride Club Tickets between Chicago and Fox Lake, embodying railroad, omnibus and steamer coupons for Ten Dollars ($10). City Office No. 205 Clark street. Depot, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

LAKE EXCURSIONS

To St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich., on the elegant new steel side wheel steamer "City of Chicago" and the "Puritan," leaving Chicago daily at 9:30 a.m., returning to the city at 8 p.m. the same day. Fare for this excursion trip, $1 00. This is the finest trip offered Chicago people. Fine hotels, fishing, bathing and beautiful drives. A steamer also leaves Chicago at 9:30 p.m. daily, close connections are made at the sister cities with the Chicago & West Michigan Railway, Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan Railway, and Vandalia Line. Make dates for excursion parties early. GRAHAM & MORTON TRANSPORTATION COMPANY, Dock at the foot of Wabash avenue.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

There is comfort for the man with a prematurely gray beard in Buckingham's Dye, because it never fails to color an even *brown* or *black* as may be desired.

IRISH DILISK.

This splendid natural cure for the very worst forms of dyspepsia and kidney disease, freshly imported from Ireland, is for sale by DUFFY BROTHERS, General Western Agents and Importers No. 314 Blue Island avenue, Chicago Price 25 cents per pound, with large reductions to liberal consumers. Country orders for 5 pounds and upwards only will be filled.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF DAVID DUNNE, DECEASED. —All persons having claims against the estate of David Dunne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1890, being the 18th day thereof.

MAURICE J. DUNNE, Administrator.

Dated Chicago, June 12, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

THE BOOK OF THE DAY!

Extracts From Leading American Newspapers in Regard to "Warpath and Bivouac," by John F. Finerty.

East, West, North and South Unite in Praise of the Stirring and Martial Story of the Indian Wars.

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptivenes of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

A ROMANTIC AND LIVING INTEREST.

[*Father Cronin's Paper.*]

The handsome volume entitled "Warpath and Bivouac" just published by the Hon. John F. Finerty of THE CITIZEN, fully realizes in the interest of its narrative and the brilliancy of its style all the high expectations formed of its merits by a perusal of its advance circulars. The periods covered are the Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition of 1876 and the campaign on the British border in 1879. The story of these stirring events is enhanced by the vivid anecdote and personal charm of Mr. Finerty's gifted pen.

Aside from the delightful entertainment furnished by the recital of the author's thrilling experiences, the volume has an historic value as being a faithful account of what will in all probability be the last great Indian war to take place on this continent. The power of the Redmen was broken in these campaigns and there after their war cry was destined to fade more and more into the echoes of romantic fiction and legendary story. Hence there is a delicious and living interest in the narrative of Mr. Finerty.—*Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y.*

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

FULL OF FIRE AND ENTHUSIASM

[*Irish World.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac. The work which has just been given to the public under the above title, is ably written, and its descriptions are full of the fire and enthusiasm of Mr. Finerty, who is himself of martial mold and evidently delighted in the dangers and deeds of bravery in which he himself acted a conspicuous and honorable part, and the story of which he tells with the familiar knowledge of personal observation."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

USEFUL AND FASCINATING.

[*St. Louis Republic.*]

"The writer, who is a newspaper veteran of the first rank, has avoided a sensational style, and tells his story in a straightforward, manly fashion, like one who has seen the dangers recited face to face, and been thereby impressed with the stern reality of such hard experiences. Yet the anecdotes and reminiscences of camp life interwoven into the narrative brighten it up, and the whole makes a work that is at once useful as history and fascinating as a narration of the most stirring adventures that it is in the lot of any man to go through."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

NO BOOK GIVES MORE THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

[*Irish-American, N. Y.*]

No book ever written about Indians does their heroic qualities more justice than does the one under notice; and no book ever written—not even a novel—gives more thrilling experiences, recounts more hair-breadth escapes, or portrays more vividly the horrors and hardships of an Indian campaign. Its author, although a newspaper correspondent, was in reality a soldier; he had his choice either to go with the command as a volunteer, or not to go at all. Every one that went with it had to take his full share of all the hardships and dangers. No other newspaper correspondent went through such dangers and hardships as Mr. Finerty did. He can boast of having done what no other man of his profession did; the commonest private in the ranks went through no more danger than he did. His book is, therefore, the most interesting of any of the kind ever written.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

AN ARMY FROM ALL MILITARY COUNTRIES.

[*Illinois Staats Zeitung.*]

Although the majority of the officers of our small army are native born, its composition as regards the noncommissioned officers and privates is more promiscuous than Wallenstein's army in the Thirty Years' War. And in this respect this small army is the most remarkable of all armies of the present day.

A true and interesting picture of this is given by John F. Finerty, of Chicago, who as correspondent participating in Indian battles under Crook and Miles became thoroughly acquainted with the American frontiers' military, which later he did not fail to keep track of, and about which he in his lately published and excellent book, "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux," relates all sorts of narratives worthy of repetition, although somewhat carnage tinted.

FULL OF MARTIAL INCIDENT.

[*Richmond, (Va.) Times.*]

Its compilation is most undoubtedly from life pictures of the cruel war between the civil and hostile nations, and no energy but the true Chicagoan, and no pluck but the genuine American, could have induced an historian to ride like a trooper across the far western morass and prairie, live like a soldier, and, in fact, everything except "die like a soldier," smoke the pipe with Spotted Eagle, meet in council of war Sitting Bull, and dodge the tomahawk of Painted Face. All this did Mr. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, that his paper and this work should teem with the events of the bloody period. The work, as its name would indicate, is full of martial incident, heroism and daring. There is no lack of "heavy villians" in the very live plot, and romantic situations abound.

READS LIKE A THRILLING ROMANCE.

[*Nashville (Tenn.) American.*]

It reads like a thrilling romance—stirring the blood and holding the interest without abatement to the end. It is a notable contribution to the history of the conquest of the wild tribes of the great plains—the bravest of all the savage warrior races that ever tried to stay the tide of Caucasian supremacy.

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West. An excellent map shows the theatre of the war."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable.

THE FIELD OF HONOR.

"It is all arranged," said Clavignac, in a loud voice, entering the cafe where Fougeret, surrounded by the usual group of journalists and other professional men who frequented the place, was awaiting his friend's return; "pistols at twenty paces; firing to continue until a result is reached."

"Good," said Fougeret, calmly; "and the rendezvous?"

"To-morrow morning at 10 o'clock, on the Vezinet race course. You will go with us to Asnieres. Order me a carriage for 8 o'clock, and be sure to have the driver we had in the last affair. He will bring us luck."

"Agreed."

"And do not forget the doctor. Leave the pistols to me. I have a new set and it will be an excellent opportunity to try them."

"I leave it all to you."

And after warmly pressing Clavignac's hand Fougeret nodded a hasty adieu to his friends and quitted the room.

"A cool hand, that Fougeret," remarked the sporting editor of a morning paper in a knowing manner.

"Yes, very cool," came in a chorus from the little group, as if their comrade's courage in some way redounded to their own credit.

"Well, he ought to be," declared Clavignac, pouring out a glass of absinthe; "he is familiar with the situation; if I count right, this is his fourth affair."

"Indeed?" returned the journalist, respectfully. "I must put him down for my next article on the swordsmen of Paris."

In the meantime Fougeret had gained the street. On reaching the door of the cafe he paused for a moment to reflect, and after a decisive gesture started along the boulevard at a rapid rate. In a few minutes he halted before the window of a large book store filled with many colored volumes and placards. Prominently displayed in the first rank were a number of coquettish little volumes, neatly stamped on the backs with these three lines: "Armand Fougeret—Contes Roses—Third Edition."

The young man opened the door, and passing between the long lines of books addressed a clerk:

"Is M. Lavinie in?"

"Yes; you will find him alone."

Fougeret turned to the right and tapped on the door.

"Come in," cried a clear voice.

He entered.

"Ah," smiled the publisher, a young man with a blonde beard and lively eyes, holding out his hand to his visitor, "I am glad to see you. The 'Contes Roses' are going well. You saw them in the window? Third edition — but what can I do for you this afternoon?"

"Can't you guess?" replied Fougeret, smiling in turn.

"Money? The deuce," said the publisher, his brow clouding. "Always money. It seems to me that you have already drawn in advance."

"True, but I go out to-morrow and it is necessary"——

"A duel?" interrupted the other, "with Saint-Landry for his article on the 'Contes Roses,' I am certain. You are right, my friend. The article was in bad taste and it has affected our sale. Now, a duel, on the other hand, will be an excellent advertisement, and better still, will cost us nothing. All the morning papers will have the affair in full, and in giving the origin of the quarrel will speak of the book. An excellent idea—admirable. Will ten louis be enough?"

"Quite sufficient."

"There they are," said the publisher, ranging ten pieces of gold on his desk, while the clerk drew up a receipt.

"A thousand thanks," said Fougeret, as he gathered up the money.

"Not at all," replied the other, placing the receipt in his desk, "you know I am always ready to oblige you. I count on seeing you at the Varieties to-morrow night."

Fougeret shook the hand that was extended to him and went out.

By this time it was 5 o'clock. The young man regained the street, and walked toward the Madeleine, keeping step to a lively operatic air that he carelessly whistled until he reached the swarm of public carriages which crowd the streets of that quarter. Keeping in mind his friend's recommendation touching the selection of a driver, he hunted up the carriage mascot and instructed him to call for Clavignac at 8 on the following morning. After attending to this matter he directed his footsteps toward the Saint-Lazare station.

The preparatory details did not seem to move him; he knew them all. Every affair was the same, and as he walked along he ran over in his mind the details of the duels he had already been engaged in. The first had been seven years earlier, at Savigny-sur-Orze, where he made his journalistic debut on one of the local papers. Espousing the candidacy of the celebrated banker Noirville the young journalist found himself arrayed in fierce opposition to the Legitimist organ. The controversy wound up on the field, where he was wounded, but Noirville, elected by 7,000 majority, rewarded his follower with the assurance of his protection.

The second arose in the Bourse, where he appeared as Noirville's secretary. His zealous interest in his patron won rapid success that soon involved him in a dispute with a jealous colleague, who sought a quarrel and found a sword thrust.

The third occurred several years before the affair he was just entering on, and close on its heels came the ruin of his patron, Noirville, whose specalations terminated with a sudden crash. With the banker's fall went all his secretary's prospects, and Fougeret's little fortune disappeared in the whirlpool. The young man, at first despondent, quickly rallied from the blow, and set himself to work to recover the ground he had lost. He had others to think of besides himself—his courageous little wife, whom he had wedded in the days of smiling prosperity, and who clung to him closer than ever during his misfortune. The thought of her and his two toddling children served to stimulate his efforts and strengthen him in the struggle for existence.

Thanks to his relations with Noirville Fougeret knew a number of journalists, and through the kindness of one of them the doors of a review were opened to the young writer, whose first series of contributions received marked approval from the literary world. His first novel, "A Friend's Wife," achieved a brilliant success, and the comedy which he drew from it met with an enthusiastic reception on the first performance at the Odeon. From that time his reputation was assured, and he consequently began to acquire enemies. A collection of his articles from The Vert Vert into a volume entitled "Contes Roses" drew from the pen of the bilious St. Landry a critique so scathing, so bitter, so unjust, that Fougeret, acting on the advice of his friends, had sent his seconds to the jealous writer.

And to-morrow he would be on the field as calm and careless as he had been before. What better satisfaction could be given him? Nothing could be more agreeable, thought Fougeret, as he halted before his modest little house and turned the key in the door.

"At last, Armand," said a soft voice coming from the kitchen; "I am so glad. Wait in the dining room; dinner is ready."

He entered the room. The table was set with four plates, and the room looked so cozy and pleasant that the young man gave vent to a contented sigh. The next moment the door of the kitchen opened, revealing a dainty little woman, somewhat pale, with very blue eyes and very blonde hair, holding a smoking soup tureen, and followed by a 4-year-old baby, who solemnly brought up the rear with the ladle.

"How is this?" inquired Armand, sitting down and unrolling his napkin, after having tenderly kissed his wife and children; "you are waiting on the table? Where is Rose?"

"Rose?" replied the little woman, with a shade of embarrassment, "she has gone. I sent her away."

"Sent her away?" said Armand, surprised, "and why?"

"She was dishonest," replied Claudine, "and I could not keep her. So I paid her a week in advance and dismissed her. You owe your dinner to Georget and me."

"Yes," said Georget, gravely, "it was us. Don't you like the soup, papa?"

"Excellent," declared Armand; "I congratulate you on your skill. But," lowering his voice, "where did you get the money to pay her with?"

"I used what you gave me for the house this week. I knew that since your new book is nearly finished you could go to your publisher to-morrow and ask an advance."

Armand trembled.

"So we can get along nicely," continued his wife; "I would rather wait until your novel was finished, but I do not think I am strong enough to go without eating until then. I have the will, but not the substance, you know."

"But you shall have the money," broke in Armand; "you must not tire yourself out. I will have it—I will take it—200—300 francs, if you wish."

"That will be better," said Claudine, with a charming air of content, "because now I will not have to part with my piano. I wanted to keep it a secret from you, but I found it a superfluous luxury, and they were coming to-morrow to take it away. With the 300 francs we can get a nurse for the little one and so many other things."

"I see," said Armand, with a sad smile, "that the money will not last very long."

"But in three weeks your novel will be finished and then we shall be rich again. Then I shall have a new dress. Look, I have made this one over so many times that there is scarcely anything left to hold the threads together."

"Yes," replied Armand, gazing at the poor little threadbare gown, "I know—I know."

"And you must have some new clothes, too, my dear. And a new dress for Georget. Why, we will spend at least fifteen hundred francs."

"Fifteen hundred francs," repeated Armand, thoughtfully.

"Yes. It is a large sum for us to spend now, dear. But your novel will bring us at least three thousand, and to think that it will be finished in twenty days."

"In twenty days," said Armand, repeating the words in a mechanical manner.

"Ah, how happy we will be,'" said the little woman, her eyes sparkling at the prospect of the good fortune which she beheld in prospect; "we can pass the summer at the seaside. Georget shall have a pretty red cap and we will enjoy ourselves as we did four years ago, when we were rich. Do you remember how we used to go crabbing and that big ferocious crab that frightened me so? It all comes back to me again, and with it all the other pleasures I owe to you. Kiss me, my dear," and the affectionate wife threw her arms about the neck of her husband, who embraced her tenderly.

"But," said Claudine, when she had disentangled herself from Armand's arms, "it is 9 o'clock already. I must put baby to bed and see that the house is safely locked. But first let me see you to your table."

And taking the lamp Claudine preceded her husband into his little studio adjoining their bedchamber.

"There," she said, drawing near for a parting kiss, "until we meet again. Work quickly. Think that our happiness depends on those pages."

Claudine went out. Armand seized his pen, but in spite of his efforts he found it impossible to write a single line. Other thoughts, which refused to be banished, occupied his mind. Leaning his head on his hand, and staring vacantly into space, he remained in one position during two long hours. He was thinking.

A light tap sounded on the door.

"Armand," said a soft voice, "I am going to bed. Baby is asleep, and I have locked everything up safe and sure. Do not work too late—you must not tire yourself, dear."

The words recalled him from his reverie. He cast his eyes on the paper before him; it was blank.

"Come," he muttered, "I must get to work," and seizing a pen he wrote with feverish haste, filling five or six pages without raising his head. Suddenly he stopped. He had just written these words, placed by him in the mouth of one of the characters in his novel: "And if you are seeking a duel you shall have one."

"A duel!" he cried; "why I am going to fight one myself."

And a vision of the morrow flashed before his eyes. He saw the clearing, the group of seconds, two men dressed in black facing each other and their pistols pointed toward the grass, waiting for the signal, while the sunbeams filtered through the trees and the birds on the branches chanted joyously—

Suddenly the picture changed.

A man, pale and with closed eyes, lay stretched on a litter, while one of the carriers stood knocking at a door. The door was his own! And the woman who ran to meet the funeral cortege—the trembling creature who, with a terrible cry, threw herself on the corpse—he recognized, too. It was Claudine.

Armand rose hastily and paced rapidly up and down the room. It was true. On the morrow he was to fight. On the morrow, pistol in hand, he would be risking his own life to take another's.

His life! Great God, did it belong to him? Had he the right to dispose of it? Did he not owe it, as much as money, to those who depended upon him? Were he dead, what would be the fate of his wife and children, thrown helpless on the mercies of his terrible creditors? He had no money. There was not a hundred francs in the house. His sole fortune was in his pen, his talent, his brain. Where would they be to-morrow?

And his little wife, so fragile, so delicate, what was in store for her? The hospital? And after that? And his children—Georget, so bright, so happy, so intelligent; his little girl, his merry fairy—what would become of them?

Fougeret continued to pace nervously up and down the floor. The veins in his temples throbbed until they seemed on the point of bursting. He moistened his handkerchief and wound it about his head. The cold water helped to cool his burning brain. Now he saw it all clearer. He had exaggerated the situation; a duel was not necessarily fatal. Had he not already fought three of them, and was he not alive on the eve of the fourth? Yes; but then he was alone in the world. His life was his own; he had the right to dispose of it as he pleased. He had given no portion of his life to a wife; no children to leave behind, fatherless, penniless and helpless. And as these thoughts again began to surge through his aching brain he fancied he could see the shining barrel of a pistol, with the little, round, dark hole aimed directly between his eyes.

He tried in vain to change the current of his thoughts. They refused to vanish. He was responsible for the care of those he loved. They lived by him, and they would perish without him. The ball that struck him would take more than one life. There would be three other victims—three to whom he owed love, happiness and bread. Good God, how terrible it all was!

But another idea, equally as horrible, crossed his mind.

His honor!

He knew his comrades and the incredulous flaneurs of the boulevard. He heard their comments and their pitiless raillery. What word were they pronouncing? "A coward!" No, it was impossible. He surely would find some one of his companions who would defend him. Men are good at heart; some one would be found who could understand.

"Armand," came an anxious voice from the adjoining room, "are you troubled? You have been talking to yourself for a whole hour. You are not ill?"

"No, no, my dear," he replied, going to the door, "do not worry. I—I am working."

"Ah, that is well," said Claudine, with a sweet smile. Then, as she dropped her long lashes over her slumber heavy eyes, she murmured: "Think what—would become of us — if you were to—get sick—the little ones—and me. Baby—is asleep. Good night—dear," and the loving wife resumed her interrupted dream.

At the other end of the room, safely tucked in his little crib, smiling and peaceful, with his little hands tightly clasped, little Georget slept.

A sudden torrent of tears burst from Armand's eyes and wet his cheeks. He rushed into his studio, seized a sheet of paper and wrote.

The next morning at 10:30 a man irreproachably attired in black stood on the field at Vezinet and with an agitated air held out a letter to another personage, equally anxious and no less solemn.

"Is it possible?" said the first.

"What, a message?" said the second.

"The unfortunate man forgets that he dishonors himself," said one.

"And that his cowardice might reflect on us," replied the other.

"But that shall not happen," said both together.

And with a grave air and measured steps the two men advanced toward a small group who were viewing the unusual proceedings with surprise.

"Gentlemen," said one of the pair, speaking composedly in the midst of a general silence, "we regret to announce that our principal and former friend, M. Armand Fougeret, will not be on the field today. He will not fight.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to add," he continued, replacing his hat on his head with a sweeping gesture, "that, as for us, we are entirely at your service."—Argonaut, from the French of Pierre Decourcelle.

It's a Way Deaf People Have.

"I told that deaf old Mrs. Peters about Sadie, and what do you think she said?"

"What?"

"Yes. That's what she said."—Racket.

THE YEARS THAT WOULD NOT STAY.

The years! The vanished years! The cycles swing
With their majestic sweep and bear away
Into the shoreless sea, where singers sing
Endless ebb songs, the years that would not stay.

The years! How would their vistas seem to me
If I could traverse them just as they were
Bathed in the light that never was on sea
Or shore! The blossom garlanded parterre

Is but a lane all fennel fringed that strays
By meadows daisy pied in memory;
And through the silences the skylark's lays
Drift to my heart in strands of melody.

O bloomful, blissful orchard aisles, it seems
The smell of lovely pink white blossoms floats
Through mists and distances athwart my dreams,
Commingling with the oriole's woosome notes!

O happy harmonies, that never let
The dulcet strains droop to the minor key!
O happy heart that has no string at fret,
No painful strain in all its minstrelsy!

The years! They dawned and waned with shift and shine,
And seem in retrospect o'ercanopied
With skies forever blue, and smiles divine
Beaming from heaven with songs accompanied.

O land that lies afar! O time that seems
A vision fair of blissful Arcady,
Where I in childish moods and maiden dreams
Found hidden lines, unwritten poetry!

O years! No summoning song or yearning plea
Avails to stay their flight, or ransom one
Halcyon season, save as memory
In holy avarice holds it for her own!

—Rosaline E. Jones in New York Sun!

WHAT ENERGY HAS DONE.

Some Celebrated Examples of How Hard Work Leads to Fame.

Twenty-five years ago a few young men in London resolved to meet every evening to exchange ideas. The number gradually increased till it was necessary to hire a room. Growing ambitious, they hired lecturers, and many people were brought together. Many of them now trace back their success to this effort at gaining knowledge.

Indefatigable industry coupled with the desire for knowledge produced great results. Walter Scott, when he was in a lawyer's office, spent his evenings in study. John Britton, the author of architectural works, said: "I studied my books in bed on winter evenings, because too poor to afford a fire." He used every opportunity to read; the books he picked up for a few moments at the book stalls helped him, he says. Napoleon had indomitable perseverance and energy. Dr. Livingstone at the age of 10 years, working in a factory, bought with his first wages a Latin grammar, and studied it until 12 at night. He studied Virgil and Horace the same way, and finally entered college and was graduated.

Many will ask how they can advance themselves in knowledge. The first thing is determination; the next perseverance. Walter Scott gave this advice to a young man: "Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business; never before it." Business men often say, "Time is money." But it is more than that to the young man. If used rightly it is self improvement, culture, strength and growth of character. The habit of idleness is a hard one to get rid of. The habit of reading anything and everything is weakening to the mind. Books chosen and read with care cultivate the mind and character. The books you read should raise your thoughts and aspirations, strengthen your energy and help you in your work. Thackeray says: "Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and in life frequent that which is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly. Note what great men have admired; they admire great things; narrow spirits admire basely and worship meanly."—Christian at Work.

Queer Doings of a One Eyed Cat.

There is an old cat in Cobbham, a suburb of Athens, that lately called forth much interest from its owners by its mysterious behavior. Since the late destructive cyclone at Louisville and other western cities, carrying in its mouth death and destruction, this Cobbham cat has grown quite a curiosity in the feline tribe. Every time it thunders, and dark clouds roll over the canopy of heaven in a manner that threatens a storm, the cat begins to tremble piteously, and screams in the most weird and frightful accents of its tale of woe. When the lightnings flash from cloud to cloud the cat's agony seems to know no limit, and it rolls over and over, yelling in the wildest way possible.

Even at the dead hour of night this mysterious cat will rush frantically into the room of its mistress when clouds appear and will scream in terror. The cat is a large black animal and has but one eye, the other having suddenly disappeared recently. The cat is the property of one of the leading families of Cobbham.—Savannah News.

The Death Rate of Sailors.

It may be a surprise to many to learn that statistics prove the sea to be safer to live on than the land. The late Mr. Thomas Gray, of the board of trade, marine department, London, says:

"I have always contended and am more than ever confirmed in it that a man is safer at sea than anywhere else in a fairly good ship, properly manned and carefully navigated, as the very great majority of British merchant ships are."

The death rate of sailors is under twelve per thousand; the loss of life by shipwreck is about a quarter of this; in fact there are more lives lost among miners from accident than among sailors, and many more among railway employes. With regard to the general death rate, the fact that sailors, as a rule, are healthy when they begin their trade, and retire from it before old age incapacitates them for other work, must have a considerable, and probably misleading, influence on the figures.—New York Ledger.

More to Come.

A Missouri youth whistled at a prayer meeting, and when rebuked he claimed that he had been insulted and drew a knife to carve some one. He was knocked down with a chair and disarmed, but he and his four brothers propose to see who runs the prayer meetings in that neighborhood. — Detroit Free Press.



American Enterprise in Africa.

The example of the United States in recognizing the flag of the International Association, now the Independent State of Congo, was followed by all the powers of Europe, and under this name, with the assent of the Belgian government, it entered into the family of nations, and its illustrious founder is carrying on effectively a model government in the interests of civilization and freedom. Several Belgian companies have been organized and are developing its resources, the principal one of which is a railroad company with $5,000,000 capital, now engaged in building a railroad around the cataracts, a distance of about 260 miles, from Matadi to Stanley Pool.

As the American flag, borne by Stanley, was the first one displayed to the natives in his voyage of exploration down that river, so the American flag was the first displayed on the waters of the Upper Congo, leading the vanguard of commerce. The Sanford exploring expedition, organized the 28th of June, 1886, launched the Florida, the first commercial steamer on the waters of the Congo, after a year of laborious effort in transporting it, mostly in sixty pound parcels, on the heads of some two thousand porters. This was followed by the little steamer New York, and at the expiration of its term of two and a half years was taken over by the "Belgian Company of Commerce on the Upper Congo." On the 9th of July, 1887, was formed the Belgian Company of Commerce and Industry, which is the parent, so to say, of the five or six Belgian Congo companies, all successfully working there. To show the growing popularity of Congo enterprises, held in such disfavor when the Sanford exploring expedition was formed that only one-third of its little capital of 300,000 francs could be obtained from Belgians, it may be stated that at a recent increase of capital of the Haut Congo company to 3,000,000 francs the public subscription was covered ninefold.—Col. Henry Sanford in Forum.

Chloroforming Wild Turkeys.

Jim White owns a patch of ground near this place. The surrounding forest abounds in wild turkeys, and in the spring old Jim spends most of his time hunting their nests and occasionally capturing the birds alive. This he accomplishes in a novel manner, yet the process is much more matter of fact than sportsmanlike.

He first discovers the turkey's roosting place, and then, under cover of darkness, he fires a brush heap near the tree, which he has previously prepared, and while the turkey's attention is attracted to the flames Jim creeps up to the tree with his appliance used for making the capture. This consists of several sections of strong bamboo rods, jointed like a fishing rod, and may be extended twenty or thirty feet in length. At the top end is secured a saucer shaped vessel, over which a small bottle is fastened, neck downward. To the cork is attached a cord, which runs the entire length of the rod. The bottle is then filled with chloroform, and under cover of dark shadows Jim noiselessly elevates the drug to within a short distance of the turkey's nose. He then pulls the string, causing the cork to withdraw and allowing the drug to fall into the vessel. The fluid is at once inhaled, and the bird presently drops to the ground stupefied.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

War and Yams.

War is a frightful thing under all circumstances, and some of the most dreadful wars have been waged on the most flimsy and foolish pretext, even if they had a pretext at all; but probably no stranger reason for war or peace was ever recorded than has been noted by a French governor of the South Pacific colony of New Caledonia.

This governor, who was also an admiral of the navy, assumed his authority while the natives of New Caledonia were still cannibals. There had been rumors of an insurrection, and the admiral called before him a native chief who was faithful to the French cause, and questioned him as to their truth.

"You may be sure," said the native, "that there will be no war at present, because the yams are yet far from being ripe."

"The yams, you say?"

"Yes. Our people never make war except when the yams are ripe."

"Why is that?"

"Because baked yams go so very well with the captives!"—Youth's Companion.

The First Steamer on the Mississippi.

In the year 1811 Nicholas J. Roosevelt built a steamer at Pittsburg, after first getting a permit from Fulton and Livingstone. Fulton furnished the plans for the boat, which was called the New Orleans. It was a stern wheeler of about 200 tons burden, and was also provided with sails, which were used when the wind was fair. The hull of this pioneer Mississippi craft was 138 feet in length, 30 feet beam, and the cost of the whole, including engines, has been figured at about $40,000. Roosevelt and his family, with an engineer, pilot and six deck hands, left Pittsburg Oct. 11, 1811, and reached New Orleans two weeks later. When the New Orleans rode down the Ohio and out into the broad waters of the Mississippi that October morning seventy-nine years ago she marked a new era in the history of the "Great West."—St. Louis Republic.

An Opera Glass Camera.

Another detective camera that has met with considerable success lately is in the shape of an opera glass. It is really an opera glass with the larger glasses removed and disc plates substituted. The shutter is in the smaller end and a nicely concealed spring operates it. The focus can be adjusted easily, as the screw in the centre is arranged for that purpose. Of course the negatives are small, but they can be enlarged by any of the many appliances known to the photographic world. Two meniscus lenses of equal focusing powers should be substituted for the concave glasses at the narrow end.—New York Evening Sun.

"Blacked Out."

Speaking of the Russian censorship, Mr. George Kennan, in an article in The Century, says: "What does the Russian government hope or expect to accomplish by 'blacking out' articles that aim simply to tell the truth with regard to Russian affairs, and by throwing into prison every man in whose possession such articles may be found?

"The Russian author Prugavin, in a book that was inadvertently sanctioned by the press censor, but that was afterward seized and burned, asks this same question, and says: 'Can an idea be choked to death? Can thought be killed, buried, or annihilated? Are not truth, and love, and justice, and freedom immortal? It is the most terrible of mistakes to suppose that ideas can ever be crushed. People have perished—men have died in chains and casemates, their bodies have decayed, their graves have been lost, and their very names have been forgotten; but their ideas and aspirations live on. Washed in the blood of suffering, such ideas and aspirations have become the dream of every man in whose brain a thought stirs and in whose breast a heart beats.'

"The press censor, when he burden Prugavin's book, thought that he had destroyed forever its 'pernicious' influence, but the 'ideas and aspirations' of the gifted author 'live on;' and his words, although burned by order of government in Russia, will appeal to hundreds of thousands of sympathetic hearts in England and the United States.

"Some time in the far distant future the free Russian patriot, no longer blinded by the censorship of the press, will look over the pages of his national history that record these attempts to gag public opinion and strangle human thought, and will wish from the bottom of his heart that so humiliating and shameful a record might be 'blacked out.'"

Philanthropic Beggars.

"Say, mister, give me some money to buy some supper with. I haven't had a bite to eat today. Can't you help me along?"

It was a street beggar accosting a sorrowful looking young man on one of the principal thoroughfares of the city. The young man stopped. "There's a nickel," said he. "It's the last I have, but take it. I shall soon be where they don't need money. I am tired of this life, so take it and good luck to you."

"Are you so much in need as that, partner?" asked the beggar.

"Yes, I have been looking for work for two weeks, but it's no use, and my money's all gone."

For a while the beggar hesitated, then he pulled out a dollar. "Here," said he, "take this. You're worse off than I am."

"No," answered the young man firmly. "It won't do me any good—good-by," and he walked rapidly down the street.

A policeman overheard the remark and he followed and overtook the stranger.

"Look here," said he, "are you the fellow that's about to commit suicide?"

A hearty laugh interrupted further questions.

"That's all right, officer," said the would-be suicide. "I am just trying a little game on these street beggars, and that's the third one to-night who has offered me money.—Kansas City Globe.

'Sh! He'll Hear You.

"Your husband has grown quite deaf, they say."

"Yes, but don't speak of it. He is very sensitive on the subject."—Chatter.

SHADOWED FOR WEEKS.

A LITERARY MAN'S PECULIAR EXPERIENCE DURING HIS VACATION.

He Had Committed No Crime, but a Detective Followed Him All Around—He Didn't Know of It Until Four Years Later—An Agreeable Companion.

"Were you ever 'shadowed?'" inquired a prominent literary man of a friend at the Union league the other night.

"No, I never was 'shadowed,' as you call it. I've never done anything to get shadowed for. But what's the story? I'm sure there is one?"

"Oh, nothing much. I just saw in the paper where the detectives were shadowing a man, and it reminded me of an adventure, or rather an incident, of several years ago, when I was shadowed for a couple of weeks by the Pinkertons.

"You remember the Cummings express robbery of 1886, don't you? It created a great deal of excitement at the time, in St. Louis particularly. This fellow, whose name, by the way, wasn't Cummings at all, if you recollect, got into an express car with a messenger named Fotheringham on a forged order from the superintendent. After the train was well under way he put a pistol at the messenger's head, bound and gagged him, rifled the safe of $75,000 in cash and a lot of other stuff, and made his escape. Fotheringham was accused of having robbed himself, was arrested and jailed, but meanwhile the detectives had been set at work, and, stimulated by a princely reward, were moving heaven and earth to get tangible proof of the messenger's guilt or the identity of the self styled Jim Cummings.

SUCCESSIVE "SCOOPS."

"Well, at that time I was a sub-editor on one of the St. Louis morning papers, and was anxiously trying to get exclusive news bearing on the sensation of the day. The detectives were like clams. They wouldn't give up a word of what they had done, were doing or hoped to do, and were posing on the principle of the well known adage about keeping still and making people believe one knows something. One morning, however, a few days after the robbery, we received a letter which gave us a great 'scoop.' It was from 'Jim Cummings' himself. He said he had seen in our paper an account of the arrest of Fotheringham, and merely wrote to tell them that they weren't giving the messenger a square deal. That he was innocent and couldn't have helped being robbed. As a guarantee of his identity the writer inclosed a number of torn express money envelopes, with the request that we present them and his letter to the express people.

"Well, I had charge of the affair and did as the writer requested. Say, the express people threw up both hands. The envelopes were identified as having been among those stolen from the car. The next day I got another letter inclosing a lot of jewelry, receipts, etc., which the writer said he had no use for, and some information regarding the location of a cache where he had hidden some other stuff useless to him. Both proved welcome and everything turned out as represented. We were 'scooping' the country, the detectives were wild, and all was merry as a wedding bell. This correspondence kept up for a fortnight, the robber writing always to our paper. Once he sent a communication in reply to an incendiary letter from some crank roasting 'Jim Cummings.' Again he inclosed a clipping from another paper in which it was stated that a man from Texas had been engaged as an express messenger, but couldn't give bond.

"'Tell them to give him the job,' wrote our audacious correspondent; 'I'll go his bond. Seventy-five thousand in cash ought to be good security?'

A UNIQUE VACATION TRIP.

"Well, the detectives by this time were hot in the region of the collar. They hadn't turned up a clew, and we wouldn't give up a scrap of writing or anything else; getting even on them, see? Things were at this stage when my annual vacation came around. I had arranged for a trip to Chicago, thence to Milwaukee, up around the great lakes and back. It was to take two weeks, and my wife accompanied me.

"Those detectives got on to my intended excursion and immediately the bright idea seized their minds that I was going to meet Jim Cummings somewhere to turn up some more romance of the robbery. My wife and I started and got as far as Chicago without incident. We were leaving there on the boat and I was leaning over the rail as we went out into the harbor, when a gentleman approached and entered into a casual conversation with me. He introduced himself as a Texan, then in the cotton brokerage business in New Orleans, bent upon a pleasure trip. He was pleasant, bright and companionable. We talked, exchanged cards and became friends. He said he believed he would take my route for his trip all through. We were pleased with each other's company and I gladly seconded his proposition. Well, sir, during that whole trip that man and myself were rarely far apart, now that I think of it. We stopped nearly always at the same hotel, and smoked our pipes on the decks of the steamers every night.

"He left us at Chicago on the return trip and I went back to St. Louis. I never saw him again. But about a year ago I was in Pinkerton's office on some business when one of the men, looking at me sharply, said: 'Isn't your name ——?' I said it was.

"'From St. Louis?'

"'Formerly; left there three years ago.'

"'Well,' he replied, smiling, 'here's something that might interest you. It proved a great disappointment to us, however,' and he drew out a package of documents. They were reports of a detective to his chief, and they conveyed an infinitesimally perfect account of my trip around the lakes four years before.

"And it was my friend, the cotton broker from New Orleans, whom I had met on the steamship. He did the job so well that I was in the most sublime ignorance of being an object of police surveillance at all. They caught 'Cummings' without my assistance. 'My shadowing' was all in vain."—Chicago Mail.

DON'T GIVE UP

The use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One bottle may not cure "right off" a complaint of years; persist until a cure is effected. As a general rule, improvement follows shortly after beginning the use of this medicine. With many people, the effect is immediately noticeable; but some constitutions are less susceptible to medicinal influences than others, and the curative process may, therefore, in such cases, be less prompt. Perseverance in using this remedy is sure of its reward at last. Sooner or later, the most stubborn blood diseases yield to

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For several years, in the spring months, I used to be troubled with a drowsy, tired feeling, and a dull pain in the small of my back, so bad, at times, as to prevent my being able to walk, the least sudden motion causing me severe distress. Frequently, boils and rashes would break out on various parts of the body. By the advice of friends and my family physician, I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla and continued it till the poison in my blood was thoroughly eradicated."—L. W. English, Montgomery City, Mo.

"My system was all run down; my skin rough and of yellowish hue. I tried various remedies, and while some of them gave me temporary relief, none of them did any permanent good. At last I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, continuing it exclusively for a considerable time, and am pleased to say that it completely

Cured Me.

I presume my liver was very much out of order, and the blood impure in consequence. I feel that I cannot too highly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to any one afflicted as I was."—Mrs. N. A. Smith, Glover, Vt.

"For years I suffered from scrofula and blood diseases. The doctors' prescriptions and several so-called blood-purifiers being of no avail, I was at last advised by a friend to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and now feel like a new man, being fully restored to health."—C. N. Frink, Decorah, Iowa.

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Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2218 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 2cth st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

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St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Loe, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sensen, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; P N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 3d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 23—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Asbenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legomis's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 288 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommetz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

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Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 396 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourne av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 239 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kovanarh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 941 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringa, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 3:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas: Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nellea, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M F Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1429 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thuredays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozal, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av,

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; M H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Father Quigley's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams-sts.
County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.
County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Division No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V-P; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec, 993 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2226 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin.Sec., M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 632 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-Rec. Sec.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st.; Fin. Sec., James Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 440 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin.Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin.Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Cercoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2662 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William Jam J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasmer's hall. Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudergast; Fin.Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 267 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 51 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Dugan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, F. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Henely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lane sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresnahan; Fin. Sec., Mas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 716 Loomis-st. Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—Pres. William J. Dougherty, 47th st. and Centre av.; V.-P., J. McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., Thomas Baker, 4714 Loomis st.; Fin. Sec., James Doherty; Treas., Patrick Grace. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHenna, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P., J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 367 S. California av; V.-P., Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1066 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 2300 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Biren; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.
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J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
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T. F. Thornton, 3010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Danl Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
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FATHER KOENIG'S TRADE MARK NERVE TONIC

Sleeplessness Cured.

I am glad to testify that I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the best success for sleeplessness, and believe that it is really a great relief for suffering humanity.
E. FRANK, Pastor.
St. Severin, Keylerton P. O., Pa.

Terrible Attacks.

ALAMOSA, Col., Jan., '89.

My wife was troubled with nervousness about one year before she took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and at that time had very severe attacks of spasm, convulsions, and pains in different parts of the body, when in this state her lower jaws would act violently and set sometimes, bite her tongue, breath heavily, then short, then seemed to stop entirely, get a wild look in her eyes and rolling around, then stop sometimes, it would take 2 men to hold her in bed, otherwise her body would cramp and be so for 2 hours. She took but 2 bottles of the Nerve Tonic which cured here entirely of all these torments which myself and wife gladly testify, it truly had the desired effect.
D. S. McGILLIS.

Our **Pamphlet** for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent **free** to any address, and **poor** patients can also obtain this medicine **free** of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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GOT HIS MONEY.

Milton Hays in Possession of Solid Cash for His Louisiana State Lottery Ticket.

A reporter of the *Inquirer* dropped into the Farmers' and Traders' Bank yesterday morning and learned from the cashier that the cash had been forwarded for one twentieth of ticket No. 45,350, which drew the first capital prize of $300,000 in the drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery on the 13th instant.

Being fully assured by the cashier that the $15,000 was actually deposited in the bank, the reporter started out to interview Milton Hays, the owner. He was found with his wagon and team on a side street awaiting an order to haul a load of coal or ashes.

"Doubtless you can now tell us something of the feelings of a rich man as well as those of a poor one, Milt," said the reporter.

"No, sir, I have never felt the difference."

"Did you ever own a ticket before?"

"No, sir. It was my first. I had done a good day's work and while stopping in off my wagon for a glass of beer, concluded I would throw away one dollar on the lottery. The tickets were placed before me, and I picked out the brightest in my eye."

"What have you done with the money?"

"One half, $7,500 is deposited to my credit in the bank, the other half is held in the hands of the bank by an injunction sworn out by a fellow who claims to have been a partner with me?"

"What will you do with the money?"

"Part of it will go for a home, part for a better team, and the rest will be safely invested. I know how to haul coal and ashes and will not change my business."

Just then a colored citizen came up to pay his respects to the wealthy colored man, and the reporter withdrew.—*Owensboro* (Ky.) *Inquirer*, May 25.

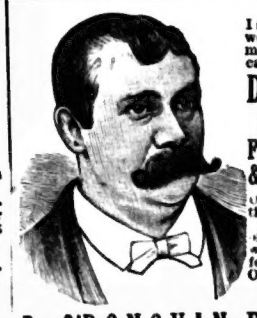
M. E. AMES, ATTORNEY, ROOM 6, 81 CLARK-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Probate Court of Cook County. To the August Term, A. D. 1890. In the matter of the application of Esther Seery, Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Seery, deceased, vs. Patrick Seery, Timothy Seery, Mary Seery, John Seery, James Seery, Thomas Seery, and Jeremiah Seery Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Affidavit of the non-residence of John Seery, defendant above named, having been filed in the office of the clerk of said Probate Court of Cook County, notice is hereby given to the said John Seery that the said petitioner, Esther Seery, Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Seery, deceased, has heretofore filed her petition in said Probate Court of Cook County, praying for a decree for the sale of the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, or so much of it as may be needed to pay the debts of said deceased, and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Fourteen (14) in sub block Four (4) in Carter H. Harrison's subdivision of Blocks One (1) and Two (2) in the subdivision of Section Nineteen (19) Township Thirty-nine (39) North Range Fourteen (14) east of the third principal meridian in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, and that a summons has been issued out of said court against you, returnable to the August Term, A. D. 1890, of said court, to be holden on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1890, at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County.

Now, unless you, the said John Seery, shall personally be and appear before said Probate Court of Cook County, on the first day of a term thereof, to be holden at Chicago, in said county, as aforesaid, on the third Monday of August, 1890, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's petition filed therein the same, and the matters and things therein charged and stated, will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you, according to the prayer of said petition.

THOMAS W. SENNOTT, Clerk.
M. E. Ames, Complainant's Solicitor, Room 6, 81 Clark-st.



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Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P., Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st. Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 113 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 981.

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Potted Ham	15 cents
Potted Chicken	15 cents
Potted Turkey	15 cents
Potted Tongue	15 cents
2-lb cans Corned Beef	17 cents
2-lb cans Roast Beef	15 cents
1-lb cans Lobster	19 cents
1-lb cans Salmon	9 cents
1-lb cans Cove Oysters	10 cents
Ham Sausage	10 cents
Fancy Mixed Pickles	20 cents
Cross & B Jams	21 cents
Keiler's Marmalade	19 cents
Prepared Mustard	5 cents

CRACKERS.

	Per lb.
Best XXX Soda	5 cents
Best XXX Butters	5 cents
Cream Crackers	9 cents
Honey Jumbles	14 cents
Oat Meal Crackers	10 cents
Graham Crackers	10 cents
Hand Made Pretzels	15 cents
XXX Ginger Snaps	9 cents
XXX Lemon Snaps	9 cents

Butterine, per pail	99 cents
Finest Creamery Butter, per lb.	16 cents
A 2-lb can Blueberries for	3 cents
A 3-lb can Asparagus for	5 cents
A 5-lb jar pure Fruit Jelly for	29 cents
A 2-lb jar pure Fruit Jelly for	10 cents
Pint Mason Fruit Jars, each	5 cents
Quart Mason Fruit Jars, each	6 cents
½ Gallon Mason Fruit Jars, each.	8 cents
1-lb package Corn Starch for	5 cents
Ground Scottish Oatmeal, per lb.	2 cents
12 large boxes Dry Bluing for	5 cents
Imported Capers, per bottle	10 cents
A 6 lb box Best Laundry Starch	28 cents
40 bars Standard Family Soap for	$1.00
20 bars Werk's German Mottled Soap for	1.00
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